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LETTERS & SKETCHES
FROM
NORTHERN NIGERIA

BY
MARTIN S. KISCH
ASSISTANT RESIDENT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
SIR PERCY GIROUARD



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INTRODUCTION

THE accompanying pages give in concise and clear language the impressions gathered in a few short months by an earnest, hard-working, and clever recruit in the Political Staff of Northern Nigeria. My personal acquaintance with him and his work was brief, but of sufficient duration to predict a brilliant future had he been spared. His early mastery of languages, his unfailing good humour and camaraderie, and his high mental gifts would have placed him anywhere in the Nigerian Service.

It is upon the work of men of this stamp that we are building up a great Dependency in West Africa. It is frequently asked if the sacrifice of young, buoyant lives and careers will ever be justified by the results we may hope to obtain. The reply is given in the history of India and all the Colonies and Dependencies of our Empire.

This young officer's name can be placed upon the roll of men given up by British mothers, wives, and loved ones to the service of their Country.

E. P. C. G.

PREFACE

MARTIN SCHLESINGER KISCH, the writer of these letters, was born in London on June 4th, 1884. From St. Paul's School he entered Exeter College, Oxford, as a University candidate for the army. Having gained a high place in the Army Competitive Examination, he was offered a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, to which he was gazetted in December 1904. With great enthusiasm he entered on the career of his choice. He was attached to the 144th Battery at Woolwich, and was afterwards posted to the 15th Battery in Ireland, but finding promotion would be slow, and that he would not be independent for many years, he resigned his commission in July 1906. The following autumn he returned to Oxford to read law with a view to obtaining a Colonial appointment. He passed Honour Law Finals in June 1907, and Bar Finals at Lincoln's Inn in June 1908.

Soon after his return to college a friend drew his attention to Northern Nigeria, and he was at once attracted to this new and wonderful

PREFACE

country with its promise of responsibility, adventure, and sport. He therefore applied for a post there in preference to any other colony for which he might be eligible, and he was appointed Assistant Resident in Northern Nigeria on August 30th, 1908, with orders to sail four weeks later.

His letters form a continuous record from the day the writer left England until a few days before his death at Sokoto. Beyond the elimination of a few details of family interest they stand as they were written. The sketches accompanying them were dashed off in a moment to illustrate the text, and give little idea of the powers as a draughtsman and caricaturist which he had shown in a striking degree from early childhood.

I

LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

S.S. *Dakar*.

[*Saturday, 3rd Oct. 1908.*—This letter will leave with the pilot at three o'clock.

The ship arrived at the dock half-an-hour late, and we started about mid-day. I first made the acquaintance of the doctor, who seemed lonely. It is his first voyage; had never been on a ship before, and came from Barts. I wrote down my name for my bath, saw the purser, and arranged to sit next to Hibbert, the other Assistant Resident going out. At lunch I found that the purser had fixed us up a nice side-table for six. I share my cabin with a Mr. E——, who is going out to ——, where he has been ten years. He seems rather a queer card. He has a short leg and thick sole, and looks about fifty. Six of us and three white sergeants get off at Forcados. There are numerous tip-top dressed “buck-niggers” going second-class, and one or two half-and-halves first. There seem to be a lot of nigger sailors and stokers on board. My cabin is in the best position possible, the last at the

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

bows end, with four port-holes. Isn't it lucky being able to write again before Sierra Leone? I did not expect it at all. Hibbert told me at the last moment, and kindly provided me with paper.

P.S.—There are sixty first-class passengers.

s.s. Dakar.

Monday, 5th Oct.—It is a very fine morning, and we are just entering the Bay of Biscay. The sea is perfectly calm, and the sun is shining. Last night I slept very well, but the first night I only got about four hours. As far as I know, all my luggage is on board all right. There are five or six going to Northern Nigeria. I have so far only made the acquaintance of a Lieutenant S——r of the 18th Hussars, and the other Assistant Resident, who, I now remember, went up for his medical at the same time as I did. I believe there are two old stagers among the others. S——r has forty cases of provisions, Hibbert sixteen.

People say that in some parts of Northern Nigeria there are only two deliveries a year, and in many only one a month. They say it is so healthy that promotion is slow compared with the other parts on the Coast.

My berth-fellow has turned out to be a most respectable person. He is the Honourable

LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

(member of Legislative Council) Mr. E——, from ——, where he is director of customs.

Most of the people get off at Sierra Leone or one of the Gold Coast ports, and very few will go on as far as Forcados. The ship stops eighteen miles outside the town and we tranship. I hear that Coomassie is so healthy now that mosquito nets are not even used, and one trader told me he only saw six mosquitoes last year. The ship goes right on to Benguela and sails up the Congo for a bit; some traders are going right there. There are four ladies on board—one a hospital nurse, and the others wives of people all destined to Southern Nigeria. By-the-bye, it is pronounced *Nijer*. In Sierra Leone the final *e* is not pronounced, and Forcados is pronounced 'Fork'ados. I hear there are about fifteen white ladies at Lagos.

I take a lot of walking exercise every day. They feed us very well; there are plenty of courses, plenty of choice, and plenty of fruit. I have so far done four exercises of Hausa the second time, and read my book of notes once. Mr. S——, who sits at the head of my table, has done the journey thirty-two times. He was twenty years a purser in one of the Company's ships, and is now in a fairly large way as a trader. I am afraid he is a bad "old Coaster." He is about 5 feet 11 inches, and 10 feet 11

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

inches round the equator. Here endeth the first lesson.

Tuesday, 6th Oct.—Every one on board dresses for dinner, except two or three traders and myself. I cannot, unfortunately, get at my evening clothes.

The sun is out, and it is very hot. We have got through the Bay of Biscay, and are now off the coast of Spain. I have not been ill as yet. Mr. E—— advises me to take quinine from the Canaries. He never takes it himself at all, but he took it till he discovered that he never got fever. I have now finished the sixth exercise in Hausa. Everybody says what a fine country Northern Nigeria is. I hear that the natives can cook chicken in nineteen different ways. I took a violent two-mile walk yesterday afternoon. There is a heavy ground-swell, and the ship is rolling hard.

Sunday, 11th Oct.—I commence again after somewhat of a gap.

We passed the Canaries two days ago in the night, so that I could not see them. To-day we are off Cape Verde, and are having a foretaste of what tropical heat really is. The little wind that there is feels like a hot flannel on the part of the face turned towards it. Flying-fish skip about in numbers all round the ship, and occasionally a shark gives a longing look at the fat traders.

LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

I have made great friends with Hibbert, who served in the Imperial Yeomanry during the last part of the war. This gives a bad but general idea of him. He is twenty-seven.



He is going to run a mess with me on the boat up river, using his own provisions, as I am rather short compared to him.

The people going to Lokoja first-class number six, including Hibbert and me. There is a member of the British Cotton Growing Association, who is about thirty-five, and has been out three years. Here he is.



Then there are three officers for the W.A.F.F.¹

(a) S——r, of the 18th Hussars, going to Kano.

He has not yet paid for his forty provision-boxes. The agent was waiting with the bill on the landing-stage. S——r told him he would not pay till he saw that all the provisions were as stated in the cases. The man wanted then to take them out of the hold, but it was too late. This is his first voyage.



(b) M——e, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, is also going to Kano.

¹ West African Frontier Force.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

It is his first voyage. He is working at Hausa, and is very keen, unlike S——r, who is going out because he sent in his name for a joke after a good dinner one night, and forgot about it till he received orders.

(c) The last is an old hand, F——n, of the Queen's R.W. Surreys, who seems a very nice but quiet fellow.

There is also an English sergeant-major for the W.A.F.F. (second-class).

I hear that Mrs. L—— was shipwrecked on the Niger on her last journey, and lost everything including rings, as she was dressing for dinner. She was also taking out some marvellous creations and silk gowns for entertaining, all of which were lost.

We had a bridge tournament the other night. I and a fellow called A—— in the Treasury of Southern Nigeria were together. He is very cheery.



There seems to be no musical talent on board.

Mrs. B——, who sits at our table, is a very nice lady. Before her marriage she kept with her brother, a vet., a riding-school of twenty-five horses. Her brother died shortly after they started it, but she continued it without the help of riding-masters till her marriage. One day Mr. B—— came to hire a horse. The rest may

LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

be left unsaid. She and I have many "horsey" conversations; she has also given me many useful tips, such as that sponges must be kept in a tin box, as they are the favourite food of cockroaches; that knives, watches, razors, and scissors walk if left alone and not locked up.

The Hon. Mr. E——, who shares my cabin with me, is a pessimist of the most aggravating type, so I shall not say what he says. This morning, to his intense disgust, he found that during the night a rat had eaten all but one of the whalebone stiffenings in his evening cummerbund, which he had placed on the sofa. Rather nice, isn't it, for a first-class cabin?

Mr. S—— is most amusing.

We were talking about regiments when he said suddenly, "My brother's in the 'Blues'—he is a policeman."

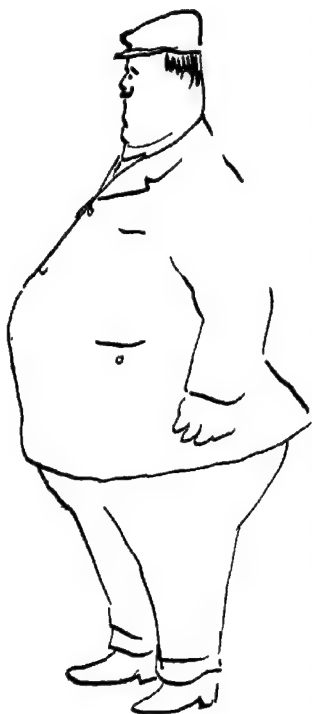
He has a glass eye on the left side, but it is a very good imitation, and hardly noticeable. He can even roll it a little, and it has far more expression in it than the other. He told me if ever I was tired of Northern Nigeria I had only to come to him, and he would give me a berth as one of his agents.

He presented me with a black four-times-round silk cummerbund, as I had not taken my dress "wekker."

I got all my uniform cases out of the hold

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

two days ago. They had to move eighty tons



of cargo from on top of them, there being no special luggage-room on this ship. I hope to have finished the Hausa exercises by Sierra Leone. We have played cricket nearly every day on board, the ball being attached to a string. The heat last night was appalling, but I slept. I am told it is much hotter on board now than it ever is on land.

There are three dogs on board, an Irish terrier, a Scotch terrier, and

a whippet belonging to Major H—— of the West India Regiment. He says that whippets are by far the best dogs to take out, as they can run about without feeling the heat much, and can also follow on any march, however long, without

LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

tiring. He was at school at Westward Ho with Rudyard Kipling. At the same place was also one Kysh, a major in the Marines, who used to bully Major H—— awfully. This explains the name Kysh in Rudyard Kipling's works.

I am going ashore at Sierra Leone to have my face snapped for you. I hope to have them ready before the ship leaves.

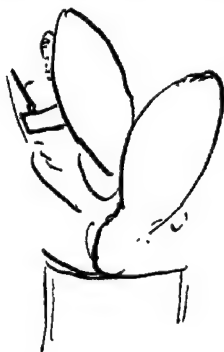
The officers of the ship are all very nice; the chief officer is the smartest.

Monday, 12th Oct.—All these letters being written in a deck chair, the writing is naturally sprawly. The oily sea of Africa lies all round; even the ripples and waves are rounded off with oily smoothness. Dolphins and porpoises have often followed the ship, and last night a swallow-tail butterfly came aboard. Occasionally a canary or a small colourless bird perches on the deck. A great scarlet locust turned up the other day.

Tuesday Morning.—Last night was insufferably hot till about three o'clock a tornado burst, the wind making a h—— of a row. After that it was positively cold, and this morning it is as fresh as England on a spring morning, though we reach Sierra Leone at six o'clock to-morrow. There is a nice awning on board the ship, so I never have to wear a cap now. It was only put

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

up four days ago; before that I got so red and sunburnt that every one made remarks about me. It has now all worn off. Yesterday we had a cricket match, civil servants *v.* military. The former, among whom I figured, won easily. I gather that I have not enough white evening suits if I am to be stationed at Lokoja



—otherwise when alone they are never worn. I have heard that it is quite safe to wear cotton shirts only, if a cholera belt is also worn.

This is the way we write on deck. Everybody, ladies and all, put their feet up, and not to do so is not only reprehensible and lazy, but also unfashionable.

This letter is posted on the boat and put straight on board the next home-going ship, so it will not bear the post-mark Sierra Leone.

S.S. *Dakar*.

Late Wednesday, 14th Oct.—At 5.30 this morning we arrived at Sierra Leone. I got up at once, and, without waiting for breakfast, went ashore with Hibbert. It looked such a green, refreshing place from the sea, with high,



Martin Skisch

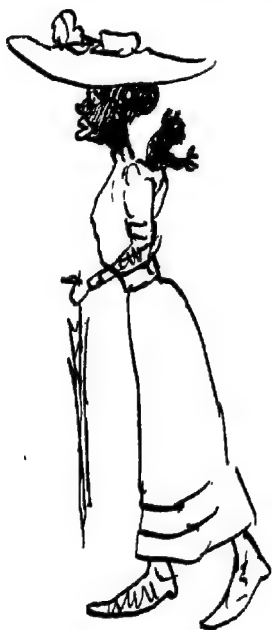
LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

tree-covered hills and mountains at the back and on all sides. On the two nearer hills were the barracks and the more recently built European houses. We found two other big steamers in the harbour, and a third arrived before we left. There were many boats ready to take us ashore. We got into one whose captain was called Stonewall Jackson, and were taken to the harbour jetty. We landed and walked about. I had my photo done, and sent off some of the copies which were ready before I left.

We went to the post-office and purchased stamps, and into several of the main shops, which are eminently respectable, all with an Englishman or Frenchman or two inside to direct. I bought a second pair of mosquito boots, four more cholera belts, and a big canvas bag for odd things. The main portion of the town is very fine, with big three, four, or five storeyed, red stone buildings. The roads are broad, red ironstone, and there is no pavement. There is a park called Victoria Park, full of tropical trees—the big tall palms looked very grand. After seeing the more civilised part of the town we went up the hill and walked round Government House. It is an old fort as far as I could judge. Then we went to the native quarter and walked through it for a mile and a half till we came to the end, crossing over two iron bridges, over the

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

river and a waterfall, in both of which women were washing clothes. There was no smell in the native town to speak of except in the market-place. I don't care for the natives very



Please note the boots

much. They are so fond of aping the English. They nearly all wear full European attire or ragged bits of it, and quite fifty per cent. of them wear white or khaki sun helmets which look ridiculous on a nigger. The women nearly all wear European attire, black straw hats being very fashionable. It looks very funny to see a fine European blouse with a slit in the back at the shoulders, out of which the baby peeps. They all

carry their babies thus, and talk the regular coon English.

The Hausa soldiers look very fine in khaki, with red sashes and fezes, and bare legs. The native police are dressed in blue and red, and



*Smart native "mammy girl" (i.e. middle class). White cotton frock,
head exaggerated*

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

all wear whiskers and moustaches, which give them a curious appearance. Most of the Europeans go about in hammocks carried by six or eight men. Mr. S—— is, however, a twelve-hammock man. It was most annoying to see nigger “bloods” being carried this way in sun helmets—I felt inclined to kick them out.

The women who do not wear hats, all balance

great loads on the head, on the top of which invariably rests an umbrella.

We have on board the new Att.-Gen. of the Gold Coast, who got on board at Sierra Leone. (*See p. 17.*)

I am now sleeping alone
—T. H.

One thing that struck me particularly about Sierra Leone was the number of

vultures on the roofs. On one house alone, and in the European quarter too, I counted no less than thirty-two.

Thursday, 15th Oct.—To-day we passed Cape Mount, which looks just like an island. The wind blew quite a gale after leaving Sierra Leone, and it was so cold that I had to fetch my ulster to wear on deck, and had to dress





LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

more warmly underneath. It was difficult to believe we were in the tropics when we were enjoying such cold and refreshing weather.

A mule and cart came on board at Sierra Leone. The mule is tethered just outside my forward port-hole. We also took on board a lot of green African oranges. They are perfectly green, but contain more juice than five of the ordinary variety, and are not quite so sweet. The ship coaled at Sierra Leone, and some of the passengers amused themselves by throwing pennies into the coal-hulks, and watching the niggers scramble and fight for them.

Friday.—I forgot to mention sunsets and sunrises. They were very fine for the first week; after that, we did not get another good sunset till yesterday evening. We play cricket nearly every day after tea. Mr. C——, a District Commissioner of the Gold Coast, and an old Oxford man, has lent me a book of Hausa stories to read, which is out of print. This is his second visit to the Coast only. He has just married, and Mrs. C—— is very nice. I had a long talk with Miss W—— last night. She is head sister at Sekondi on the Gold Coast. She has only had six days' fever in eight years. There is another lady on board going out to join her husband at Bonny. She has left her thirteen-months-old behind.

LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

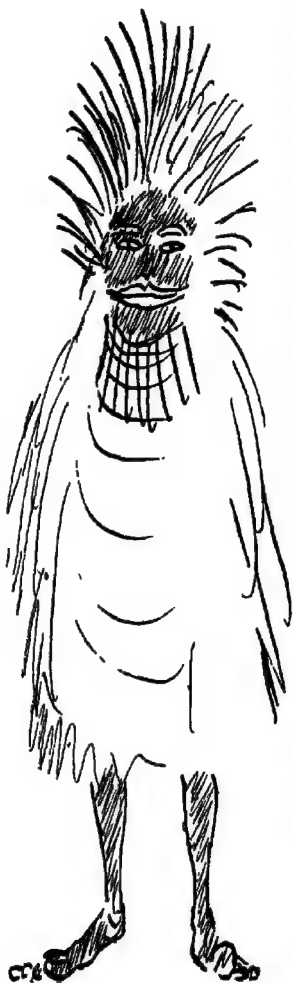
Saturday.—We have just left Axim, and in about two hours we shall be at Sekondi, pronounced Secondee. There are two Hausa merchants on board with whom I have been trying to talk. They understand me, but I can't catch what they say. I am taking with me, up river from the ship, two $\frac{1}{2}$ -cwt. blocks of ice, twelve bottles of milk, one 43-lb. case of potatoes for later use, and a 25-lb. case for use on the voyage.

Later.—We are now at Sekondi, where there are about 150 Europeans. Both Axim and Sekondi are very prettily situated—white European houses among emerald green. All the country here is a brighter green than I have ever seen, as it is just the end of the rainy season. At both places the ship lay off two miles from the coast, and people came on and off in surf-boats. We have a motley crowd of noisy deck passengers, all natives, including Hausas and several Fanti women. The Fantis are a very fine race, of dark mahogany colour, and their women are very tall and handsome.

To-night we shall drop down to Cape Coast Castle and disembark passengers at six o'clock in the morning.

Sunday.—We left Cape Coast Castle early this morning, and are due to arrive at Accra about two o'clock, where I shall post this letter.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA



C. C. C. is a very big town as far as the natives go, but the Europeans and traders have nearly all deserted it for Sekondi. The castle is very extensive, all white, built by the Dutch about 1600, as are all the castles along the coast, and there has been one at every port we have touched so far. There is a great vaulted room, under the sea, and connected with the castle, which was made to contain 500 slaves in chains. The natives say C. C. C., Sierra Leone, and London are the three biggest towns in the world.

We had an African water-melon for breakfast this morn-

LIVERPOOL TO BURUTU

ing. It was very nice, and more refreshing than the ordinary variety. I took about forty pips and dried them in the sun. I intend trying to plant them later. They give very small helpings on board the ship, except as to fruit. You are given a full quarter of a large melon at a time—yum! yum!!!

I forgot to say that we met a procession of native girls in Sierra Leone, all singing and dancing, headed by two in masks like this.
(See opposite.)

Monday, 19th Oct.—This morning we should be at Lagos. The steamer stops about three miles out, and a branch-boat comes to fetch the passengers. At Accra, half the natives who came out in boats to the ship had a free fight, and pushed and pulled one another into the water. It is so hot now in the cabins, that merely opening my boxes makes my brow perspire. I have won 16s. 6d. at bridge up to date, though I have only played the past two nights, 2s. 6d. a hundred. I don't know when I shall be able to get off the next card to you.

P.S.—I leave the ship to-morrow.

II

UP THE NIGER TO LOKOJA

UP THE NIGER TO LOKOJA

[s.s. *Sarota*.]

[*Wednesday*,] 21st Oct.—What a wonderful place this is, so strange and new! I am now sailing up the Niger in a river-boat, having just left Burutu. But what a terrible time we had to get here! I don't think I could ever have had a worse. We arrived outside Forcados at 6 A.M. Tuesday, but the branch-boat did not condescend to turn up till about 11.30. Transhipping was not completed till 4 P.M., and it took two and a half hours to get to Forcados. Though not the largest of the mouths of the Niger delta, it must have been quite ten miles wide at its broadest. It looked as if twenty or thirty rivers all branched off there, though I believe it was only the effect of islands. There were heaps of native dug-out canoes. The high trees¹ at the mouth and some way up stand in the water, their roots starting four feet or so above the surface—and all swamp.

As we started so late it was nearly dark when we got to Forcados, and quite so at Burutu. At

¹ Mangroves.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

Forcados we left the mails, and were boarded by the customs, and crowds of "boys"¹ desiring engagements, varying in age from twelve to thirty. I got through the customs with £2, 13s. to pay to the black official, duty being 4s. on camera, 4s. on field-glasses, and the rest on ammunition, guns, &c.

The next thing was a boy. After an almost futile search among those left when I had done with the customs, I discovered one fellow with a twelvemonths' good character, who understood but did not speak Hausa. He is short, *trappu*, thick-set, and brutal, but in the past fourteen hours has proved so far satisfactory. He is twenty-five, and has been to Kano and Lokoja. His name is Dick.

At Burutu we engaged my second boy, So, who is to cook and help. He looks about sixteen. Both boys wear shirts and trousers. Dick gets 7s. to Lokoja and 2s. "chop,"² So 20s. a month, and 2s. chop.

Arriving as we did at Burutu at 6.30, all was confusion and darkness, and the electric light on the river-boat had gone wrong, and there were no lamps on either it or the branch-



¹ Native servants.

² Pidgin English for food.

UP THE NIGER TO LOKOJA

boat. Imagine the confusion, to which was added a wandering crowd of twenty-five lost Hausa recruits going to Onitsha! All the boxes had to be transferred by handing over from ship to ship as they lay alongside in the dark. What a muddle and struggle! There were about fifteen passengers, all with at least twenty-five cases, and some with fifty or more. Luckily mine, being all marked, and owing to liberal "dashing" (*i.e.* tipping) all together, were transferred by my two boys between them before any one else's, and lay on the main deck in a heap. Most of the other luggage had to be left in the ship till daybreak.

Then I found all the cabins were taken, and three of us, including Hibbert, had to sleep on deck. We got some sort of a supper together of milk and soda and bread and butter, the milk in cases which, together with potatoes, I had brought from the ship. After that, with the help of "Lord's windproof,"¹ my green bag was undone and my bed rigged up on the deck. And then what a night followed! We lay alongside the wharf, and I never knew that niggers could jabber all night long so incessantly. It was *yaro*² this, and *yarinia*³ that, all the time. I only got two hours' sleep, and got up at 6 A.M., having slain

¹ Lord's windproof lantern.

² Boy.

³ Girl.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

three mosquitoes. Then I took quinine, a slice of bread and butter, and some milk and soda.

The ship went back to Forcados to pick up the mails, then to Burutu again, where we stayed an hour and a half before pushing on. Hibbert arranged breakfast. We have meals at my camp-table on deck, and very "buck" ones they are with his provisions. We had cocoa this morning for "brekker," and camp pie (hot), and bread and butter. For lunch iced soda-water, haricot mutton, tinned peaches, and cheddar cheese.

The scenery round here is delightful and wonderful. I am sure that Cook's would do well to run a trip up. Now there are low palms and high trees, with here and there a primitive nigger village in the water, the houses raised on sticks, and canoes all over the place with their crews all singing to tune. There are huge tumbo flies that give a bite which lasts two months, and means cutting out the maggot later, three inches long.

Forcados and Burutu are just clearings with impenetrable swampy bush behind. Burutu consists mostly of thousands of barrels of palm oil belonging to the Niger Company, and their storehouses.

Thursday Morning, 22nd or 23rd or thereabouts.—I slept like a top last night. One poor

UP THE NIGER TO LOKOJA

fellow on board, employed in road-making, has got fever already. We have passed countless villages, and palm and banana trees. So came and gave me my bath at 6 P.M., and dressed me again. He put me to bed at 9.45. So far I have not been bitten, though both varieties of mosquito abound. The weather yesterday on the ship was quite as cool as at home, but on land at Burutu, "good lor' !!!"

I have taken so far three photos of villages and dug-outs. Near the villages the river natives, men, women, and children, paddle out in a state of nature, and dive after empty bottles thrown into the water.

This letter is going by the down-river boat we meet Friday.

Friday.—We had a terrible night last night. Three of us were sleeping on the front deck when a tornado burst, and the wind, catching the mosquito-nets, nearly blew our beds away. The other two got soaked with rain, but I got through dry. Our servants came to the rescue, and we dragged our beds into the mess-room and slept there. The boat ran all night, though there was no moon, because the Nupe sailors want to get to Onitsha for the feast of Ramadan to-night. Yesterday two of John Holt & Co.'s white traders came out from a river store in a canoe, and were nearly upset before they got

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

on board. At Abo this morning we took on board a native policeman and two criminals, chained neck to neck, to be tried for cannibalism. The native police are dressed in blue and red, and look very smart. The sailors are dressed as in the Royal Navy, and look quite well also. There is a white engineer besides a white captain on the boat. We had toast for breakfast this morning. My second boy and personal servant So comes from Gana Gana, a river town where last year there was a big "palaver" because of cannibalism. We ought to get to Lokoja on Monday. We are in the real Niger now, three-quarters of a mile to one and a half miles broad.

On the Boat [s.s. Sarota].

Monday, 26th Oct.—We are due to arrive at Lokoja some time this evening. I hope it will be after dark, and then I shall be able to sleep on shore, and not have to trouble about my loads till morning. Last night the flies and mosquitoes were terrible; though there were none inside my net, yet, without any exaggeration, there was not a square quarter of an inch on the outside of the net free from flies.

This morning early we entered Northern Nigeria. The scenery has changed from flat country to very hilly, with high mountains

UP THE NIGER TO LOKOJA

with flat tops all round. No palm trees are visible, but shrubs and big trees, which might very well form part of an English landscape up river. The Niger is in flood; never on record has it been so high. River villages can be seen with only the roofs showing above water, and unnatural islands are formed all round. Nearly all the Niger Company's tin sheds in the river villages are partly flooded. The river is over 40 feet above the normal, and the higher up we get, the greater the floods. Imagine the stink and the mosquitoes there will be when it falls. The Kaduna has risen 60 feet.

I expect to get my orders at Lokoja.

I always get up at 5.45 now. It is pitch black by 6 P.M. So, the second boy, is also pitch black. Dick is a little lighter. So was eight months with the Niger Company, at Bassa, N.N. Dick was twelve months cook to Captain W——. He gets 25s. a month and 8s. a month chop allowance; So, 15s. a month with 8s. chop.

Onitsha looks a very nice place. On the quay was a guard of honour of a hundred Hausas of the S.N.R.,¹ waiting for the Governor, who had not turned up when we left. I saw an albino woman washing clothes. She looked loathsome, perfect negro features, colourless yellow hair,

¹ Southern Nigeria Regiment.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

sky-blue eyes, and an untanned, pink-white skin. There was also an albino man. I photoed both. Hibbert and I went ashore, and walked through the native town, where we saw bananas, green African oranges (very nice and juicy), paw-paw, yams and plantains growing. We went up the hill to the English quarters, past the hospital, and down past the R.C. Fathers to the wharf. We spoke to a young, but bearded, Irish Father, who had been out seven years, and looked quite fit. He wore a helmet and black cassock. The town was very well drained, no surface water being visible. The whole place was alive with lizards, varying in size from $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet to 6 inches.

The crew of the ship are all Nupes—fine, big men, who wear R.N. costume except when they pray, which, being Mohammedans, they do three times a day on the fo'c's'le. I hear there is a Jewish sergeant-major at Lokoja.

P.S.—I am going to Sokoto! nearly two months' journey from here. Boat to Zungeru, and then trek across country!

Continued Tuesday.—We arrived at Lokoja at six, just as it was getting dark. Mr. B——d, Assistant Resident and Cantonment Magistrate, met the boat, and told us that I was to go to Sokoto, and Hibbert to Nassarawa. We breakfasted with him this morning. It takes nine days from here to Zungeru. We go as far



HAUSAS IN A STREET OF IOKOIA



HAUSA MAN AND WOMAN IOKOIA

UP THE NIGER TO LOKOJA

as Baro in the boat we came up on, and thence by rail and canoe to Zungeru. From Zungeru, where I expect I shall stay a few days, it is about twenty-five days' march to Sokoto (pronounced Sockottū, all the emphasis being on the last syllable). I expect to have to buy tons more chop. The Government allows eighteen carriers for chop, twelve for clothes, &c., and two for tents. As my tour only starts from the day I arrive at Sokoto, I shall be eighteen months away. Please send on all letters there, and also 1 lb. Pioneer tobacco and one film a month. Please don't send many parcels, as it takes four months or more for them to reach, and I shall have to pay extra for every mile of the carriage, besides what is paid in England.

Lokoja is a nice place.

III

LOKOJA TO ZUNGERU

LOKOJA TO ZUNGERU

*On the "Sarota" going to Mureji, where
we change into a steam canoe.*

Wednesday, 28th Oct.—Here I am on my way to Sokoto, with nearly two months' more journey before me. I have now three boys—the cook of twenty-five, and two of fifteen or sixteen, in case one dies, or in case I want a responsible fellow to look after the luggage if I go on trek in the bush, or to send on ahead in charge of carriers. In all, they will cost me £3, 16s. a month. My third boy, Alu, whom I engaged at Lokoja, is a Yoruba, who has spent all his life in Hausaland.

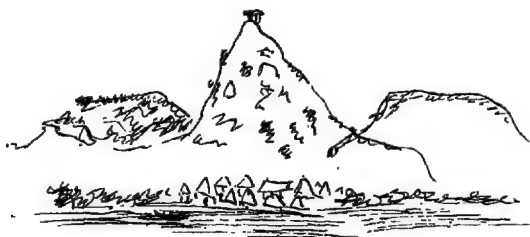
We go by this steamer as far as Mureji, as the river is so high; otherwise we could not get beyond Baro. From Mureji we go to Baro¹ (another of same name as the above—see map) in canoes, sleeping on the bank at night. From there we take the railway through Wushishi on to Zungeru, and from Zungeru I have to trek on to Sokoto. Thirty carriers have been ordered to be ready at Zungeru, but, before leaving that

¹ Later called Barijuko.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

place I have to pass an examination in the Suspense Account at the Treasury, in the method of entering cowries and cloth gathered in as tribute till they are converted into cash.

Hibbert's cook took, when he left, by mistake my 60-lb. sack of potatoes and onions I bought on the ship. On board this boat there are now only three other white people besides the captain



*Native ju-ju rock with cromlech on top, and village which we
have just passed*

and engineer : S——r, 18th Hussars, for Kano ; M——e, K.R.R., for Zungeru ; and Mrs. T——, hospital nurse, for Zungeru. The latter has been a nurse in Singapore for three and a half years, and is on her first tour here. She has already been up to Zungeru. There are seven ladies at Lokoja.

In my last letter I asked for one film to be sent out a month. I think now that two would be well employed. I invested in £3 worth of groceries at Lokoja. I have eaten a paw-paw.

LOKOJA TO ZUNGERU

It tastes like tinned apricot when eaten raw, and is the same colour inside. There is, I believe, one post a week to Sokoto, but I do not know if it arrives regularly. One alligator at Lokoja "chopped" four men in one week, whisking them into the water with its tail. Most crocodiles when cut open contain a large assortment of native jewellery, and are therefore in great request among curio hunters. Egrets swarm, but we are not allowed to shoot them.

In N. N. the canoes are like big punts as opposed to those of S. N.

This letter is to be posted at Baro.

BARO.

29th Oct.—Will you please get sent after me by return post my pair of black patent-leather Wellington boots from my uniform case, and also 10s. worth of cheap mechanical toys, a dancing woman or man if possible, a running mouse, &c.

Just past Igga on the way to Mureji.

[Friday,] 30th Oct.—We arrived at Baro two days ago, where I posted letters to you. This letter is written two days later, though it will probably catch the same mail. On arrival at Baro at about three o'clock I went ashore. It is the southern terminus of the Baro-Kano railway, and so far the permanent way has been marked

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

out, and seven and a half miles of rail from Baro laid down.¹ — had asked me to call on Captain M——, R.E., who is constructing it. I did so, and he invited Mrs. T—— and me to tea and dinner. We went. The next morning he took us for a drive on a hand-worked trolley to the rail-head and back. It was through thick bush and jungle, and very interesting. At Baro we invested in a leg of goat which tasted very nice, and also in some fresh limes. S. and M. caught fish—good chop. We are all messing together on the boat.

We left Baro at mid-day, and should have reached Mureji the next morning; but at Egga, a beastly swamp, we discovered a tug ashore, and spent the evening and this morning getting her off. We lay in by the bank for the night, and oh! the flies and mosquitoes! Great beetles, three inches long, and other horrible insects covered my net, and made noises like a whole menagerie. S——r and M——e went ashore to shoot. S——r got soaked; he shot two birds, one a pigeon, which made very good chop. M——e shot an eagle—good chop for black man. At Egga we bought eggs and limes. Turkeys were 3s. 6d., but we did not want one. Native bread is quite respectable.

¹ By May 1910 over 100 miles of rails had been laid in the direction of Kano.

LOKOJA TO ZUNGERU

The natives are tremendously impressed by my three "devils," my spring 'baccy pouch, auto-rotary fan (I should like another sent out), and electric flash. We hope to get to Mureji to-morrow morning, and be at Barijuko in canoe by Sunday or Monday. Mrs. T—— has a Kano-bred fox-terrier.

I have discovered that my cook has brought his wife with him, who, strange to say, is a Fulani woman. I shall make her do my washing and sewing. I have missed many opportunities of buying curios, but I do not want to be burdened with them on my journey up country. The river is now only a quarter of a mile broad. The crew, commonly known as "Nupe apes" or "baboons," make a fearful jabber. The Governor, who hereafter will be mentioned as H. E., is coming to Sokoto soon, and Dr. B——, whom I met at Baro. I have a box and letter to deliver from Captain M—— to Mr. F——, Secretary to the Government at Zungeru.

Good-bye for the present. I don't expect to write again till Zungeru.

*On the pole-barge "Cormorant," on the
way to Barijuko.*

Tuesday, 3rd Nov. 1908.—I don't suppose I shall be able to catch the post this week, as we have had a few hitches. We arrived

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

at Mureji safely, and went round the village, where I aired my Hausa on the Sariki.¹ The *Black Swan* tug was to tow us up in two pole-barges to Barijuko, S——r and M——e and their servants and the mails in one, and Mrs. T—— and self in the other.

We started with one boat tied to each side of the tug, but after we had gone for four hours, it



was found that the tug could not face the current, which kept swinging her round and carrying her back. Her fuel was also too fresh and sappy to be of any use, so after a consultation it was decided to pole the barges up separately, and to meet for the night on some sand-bank.

¹ "In Hausaland every town and village has its king. The title 'Sariki' is given not only to these but to many of their sons and to any one who presides over any special work."—*Hausa Dict.*

LOKOJA TO ZUNGERU

The crew of six, exclusive of the captain, were then employed as follows: three boys and one man in front with punt-poles, and two men poling behind. They sing a curious chant as they pole.

On the first day I shot a crane, which the crew ate with great gusto; on the next I shot two pigeons and a duck, which were very nice, and a big goose, in which my boys revelled.

Instead of taking three, it will take five days poling up. Yesterday we reached a village for the night. I was *one bite* in the morning. It

was a Nupe village—the men were very fine. I had several shots at crown-birds, but missed, and the Sariki, whom I interviewed, presented me with a fish, which, as it turned out, was bad eating for white men.

I made my first acquaintance of native women on the barge, as my cook had brought his wife, and the barge captain, a Nupe, his. My cook's wife is a very pretty, light-skinned Fulani from Katsena, in the north. She has tattoo marks on her face, long, curly, frizzy hair, and a well-chiselled, straight nose. I am afraid she is a terrible flirt. She is very good at teaching Hausa, as, coming from the north, she pronounces very slowly and distinctly. Her name is Adisha. She is about 5 feet 3 inches, and very slight in build.



*Ship's boy. Note
cock's-comb hair*



Adisha



'Fatima

LOKOJA TO ZUNGERU

Fatima is the name of the Nupe captain's wife. She is a fine woman, as all Nupes are, as tall as I am. The men are all six-footers, and very broad. She is jet black, and does her hair on a frame, and has Garter stars tattooed on her shoulders and cheeks.

[ZUNGERU.]

Friday.—I arrived at Zungeru on Wednesday afternoon. We got to Barijuko early that morning.¹ On arriving here I wrote my name in H. E.'s book. I was told I was to start this morning at ten o'clock. Last night I had two invitations, one to Captain H——, the Cantonment Magistrate, the other to H. E. Of course I went to the latter. The intelligence officer and three of the staff were present.

I have just heard that my carriers are being sent from Sokoto, and will not be here for three or four days, so I have to wait. I am about to buy a horse for £7, 10s. Six or seven were brought up for me to choose from. I chose one, native bred and ridden, untouched by white man, belonging to the Sariki Bawa of Zungeru. He asked £11. I offered £5, then £6. I then told him to take it away. In the afternoon I sent word that I would give £7. He came back with the horse and wanted £8. I refused,

¹ From Barijuko there is a 2 ft. 6 in. gauge railway to Zungeru.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

and took my bath. He then offered £7, 10s., which I accepted, and sent him, *i.e.* the *doki*,¹ to be shod at once, as shoes are necessary on trek, as the roads are so rough. He is a dark brown stallion, with a white nose, white hind socks, a tail that reaches to the ground, and a mane of great length. When the native rode him he was standing on his hind legs all the time, but with me he was as quiet as a lamb.

I have drawn my pay for October, and have invested in £7 worth of provisions from the Niger Company. I wish I had brought out more with me; they cost double the price here, and tea, salt, coffee, cocoa, sugar, kerosene, matches, soap, fish as a rule, and many other things, are not obtainable up country.

My cook has sold his wife at a great profit!

P.S.—Carriers just arrived!

¹ Hausa for horse.

IV

STARTING ON TREK

STARTING ON TREK

Billeled at some unpronounceable village about 37 miles N. of Zungeru (later called Wokka).

[*Sunday,*] 8th Nov. 1908.—I have such tons of things to say that I should prefer not to say anything. I should have started from Zungeru on the 7th, but I was asked to wait for S——r, who was also going to Sokoto, but was starting the next day. He, however, decided not to leave till the 9th, so after all I pushed off at 7.30 on the 7th inst.

Before going on with the tale of my journey I must tell you that on the 6th I found the carriers—forty in number—sent down for me by Mr. T——, the Resident of Sokoto, sitting outside the rest-house (built of brick and concrete, very cool, no mosquitoes). They had made the journey from Sokoto, three hundred miles, in thirteen days. I should have liked to start then and there. . . .

Having told my headman of carriers that I should start the first thing next morning, I rode up to see the polo. After it was over I was invited round to Colonel S——d, of the 1st N.N.R.,¹

¹ Northern Nigeria Regiment.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

for drinks, and, later, dined at the 1st N.N.R. mess as the guest of Captain H——I, a gunner officer. (*A propos* of drinks, every one here drinks whisky and soda nearly all the evening, and every one possesses all kinds of liqueurs and cocktails.)

I went to bed early, and on the 7th at 7.15 A.M. I started.

Our little party consisted of forty-seven: thirty-nine carriers, all Hausas, from Sokoto; one headman of carriers, a "blood"; one cook and wife; two valet boys; one doki-boy (who is a man, of course), a Hausa from Kano, who attached himself to us as he was going to Sokoto (he also is a Hausa doki-boy, or rather man), and a friend of his; and myself, "Bātūrē."¹ I had thirty-five packages, and I carried three for S., who has sixty, and there was one spare man.

We started off well, and as we left early we did twenty-three miles the first day. We crossed the Kaduna by the bridge just after leaving Zungeru. It was a mass of rapids, with high rocky banks on each side. At ten o'clock we got to Ganan Gabbas, eight miles out, where I had breakfast. Here my cook went sick, and I could hardly get him to drag himself along, so I lent him my horse, and walked from eleven to three myself. I then felt so tired, having

¹ White Man, *lit.* Son of Arab.

STARTING ON TREK

walked in all the heat of the day, that I turned him off the horse, and rode on. The carriers all reached Tegina, twenty-three miles out, where we spent the night, at four o'clock, but "Kuckoo," as the natives call him, did not roll in till 6.30, and then had to go straight to bed. I had a scratch meal at six o'clock, the second I had had that day.

As far as Tegina we followed the Kano Road, a fine, broad, red sand and gravel road. The country was fairly flat. We met several herds of native cows and goats. Northern Nigerian cows,¹ as far as I can see, are all white, and have horns like a jews'-harp.



All the natives I meet say *Sanu* for all they are worth, as also I do, once to each. They then kneel, men and women alike, till I pass. *Sanu* means "Hail" or "Greeting." Many say *Sanu da taffia*, "Greetings on your journey." When a Hausa or Nupe meets another they both say *Sanu*, and kneel, or rather squat, not face to face, but alongside, for about half a minute, and, if great friends, they put their hands to their

¹ "Similar to the humped cattle of the Nile."—*Hazeldine*.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

hearts, and then touch one another's palms. They repeat the process three or four times.

My Hausa is making great strides.

At Tegna I put up at the rest-house, a big mud hut with a verandah all round, one door



and two windows. The roof continued from the house over the verandah. A tree-trunk supported the roof inside. It was quite clean.

The walls had wood laths, and between them hands in whitewash on the mud.



The Sariki came to meet me in the evening with a chicken (more like a pigeon) and some guinea-corn.¹ The former cost 6d., the latter 1s. Wood and water, which had to be brought by local women, cost 6d. I went to bed early, and slept very badly till 5.30, when I got up.

¹ A species of millet.

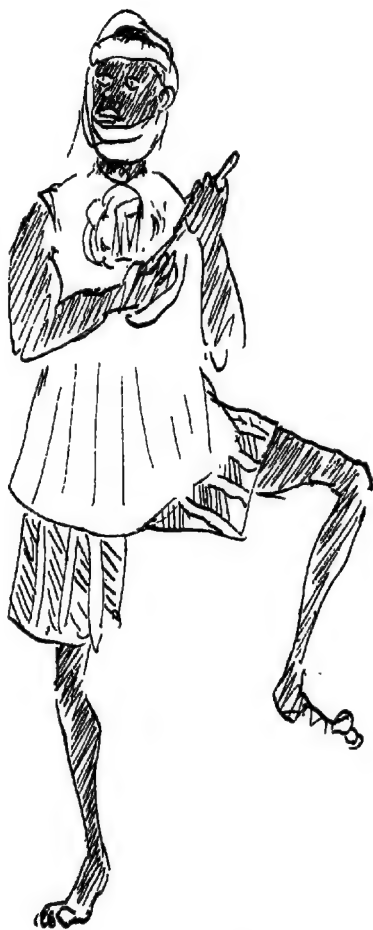
STARTING ON TREK

Had breakfast (big one) at six o'clock. I had a long talk with the Sariki about things in general.

We all started off at 7.30. Of course the cook was ill again. Luckily it was only a fourteen-mile march to Wokka, where I am sitting in a native hut in the village, with my bed made up in it. We reached here at two o'clock. I was d——d if I was going to give up my horse to my cook again, even if he died on the road. He kept sitting down and saying he could not go further, but he was only a quarter of an hour late in arriving. I think it is because he insists on wearing European boots and puttees that he can't walk. The other boys and carriers all go barefoot or with goat-skin sandals. Damn!! Alu, second boy, is being sick (literally), and So, first boy, has cut his hand opening a tin.

It was a very interesting march to get here. This place is not marked on the map, nor is the place where we stop to-morrow. The Sariki has just visited me with guinea-corn and a chicken. Prices are lower—the corn is 6d. a bundle. I don't want the fowl; I brought two live ones with me. I have had my bath, and am in evening dress, *i.e.* pyjamas and "mosquy" boots. The place where we stop to-morrow is far, far away, *da nisa, da nisa*. God knows if that a-b-c-d cook of mine will get there. His wife¹ will—she always does.

¹ Adisha had rejoined the party.



Village mandoline player

STARTING ON TREK

My pump filter is broken, so I have to resort to the drip one.

The main road from Tegna, where we left the Kano Road, to Sokoto is only a bush path, and more of the first than the second.

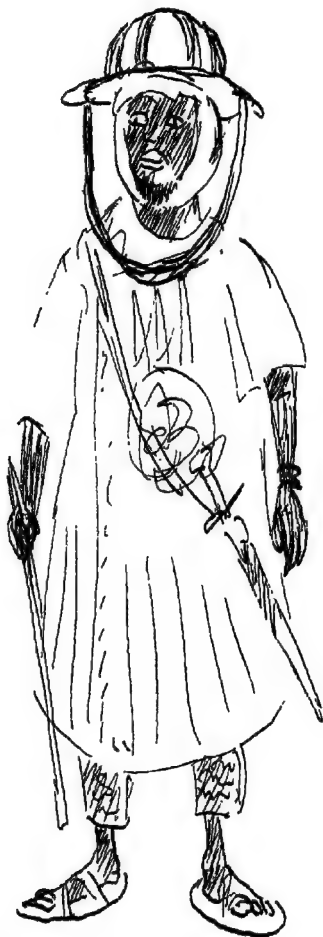
At times as much as two feet broad, but most of the time twelve to eighteen inches or less, just



like an ill-defined footpath through a cornfield in England, but with the corn five feet higher than a horseman.

At times it gets lower, and you can see on either side the cocoa-nut palms and other trees. We went over hill and dale, and forded at least thirty streams before this place, Wokka. How on earth the carriers can find their way, I don't know. I am sure I could not follow the bush path. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of the telegraph line to Sokoto. My trekking costume is a bush shirt, spine-pad, belt, helmet, riding-breeches, spurs, old boots, and soft canvas gaiters. The carriers all wear relics of *tobes*¹

¹ "The tobe (*riga*) is the characteristic dress of the Hausas. Its shape is that of a loose surplice, with a large embroidered pocket in the front."—*Hausa Dict.* The material and richness of decoration vary according to the rank of the owner. *Tobe* is a Soudanese word derived from the Arabic.



Hausa "blood"—hat red leather on yellow; robe light buff with green embroidery; red leather gaiters; goat-skin sandals. All Hausas that can, grow goat beards

STARTING ON TREK

of native cloth—no Manchester, thank you! The natives of N. N. are infinitely superior to those of the South, even of Loko-

ja. It has not been too hot to-day—only like a delightful summer's day in England.

Please excuse scrawl; I am mosquito-ridden, and am writing on a piece of wood for a table.

Of course my official "fist" is excellent, but when I write you I always write in impossible positions. This village is Wokka (not on map).



Please note a not uncommon Hausa way of shaving the head, leaving pig-tail in which money is kept.

Later.—This native hut is about ten feet in diameter—just room for bed, two doors, no window or verandah, plain mud walls, no support for roof. There is a native fiddler about. No tom-tom as yet, thank H——!

9th Nov. (Morning).—I have got a table to write on now, so that the "fist" ought to be better.

In the mornings it is like a cold winter in England, about 45°, but by ten o'clock it is about 85°. I have decided to stay in this village till to-morrow to give the cook a chance of getting better.

I ate a chicken last night half-an-hour after it was killed; it made quite good eating, and not too hard. At present the natives are



Adisha at the door of my mud hut

STARTING ON TREK

dancing for my benefit outside my hut, and the local poet is singing ballads in my honour, of which I can only catch that I am a very, very great Sariki, a very great *Bature*, and that they all are my slaves.

I think I shall take on Oudu, or "How-d'you-do," as I call him, the *attaché*, as a second doki-boy when I get to Sokoto.



*Local "blood" at Wokka.
He plays the bones with
a calabash*

This morning early I went out shooting in the bush, and brought down five birds, three bright Cambridge-blue and pink, and the other two yellow and green. I enclose some of the feathers as a sample. I had to send for the Sariki this morning, and talk sharply to him, as my carriers had not enough to eat. I do not think you will be able to hear from me for three weeks, as I pass no towns in which to post this letter, so it will accumulate. This morning it was so cold that, out shooting, I wore not only a bush shirt and coat, but burberry as well.

All the Hausa and Nupe natives paint their toes and finger-nails scarlet ; it looks very smart.

The local fiddler has been playing outside my hut all the morning, while my boys, carriers, &c., dance.

V

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

i

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

MARUBA.

10th Nov. 1908.—I have now arrived at Maruba, where I am staying for the night. It is three o'clock. Last night I went out shooting, but only bowled over one bird, though I disturbed something big, a lion or panther. I could not see—the grass was so thick and high—but I heard it bound away heavily from quite close to me.

More domestic troubles! Yesterday afternoon, when I was taking a siesta, my cook's wife thought fit to elope with a passing Hausa traveller going to Zungeru, taking with her the cook's pots and pans. So saw her, and, after a struggle, caught her and brought her back, with many scratches on his face, and a torn vest. She made such a noise, shouting and giving explanations, that it woke me up. I held a court of judgment, and ordered her to mend So's vest. She refused at first, till I just asked Alu to fetch my *bulala* (i.e. hunting crop), and she was hard at work long before it came. I must say

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

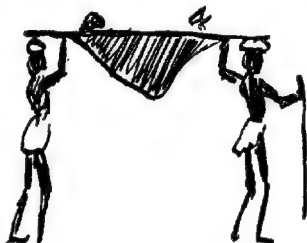
my sympathies are all with her, as my cook looks a disgusting brute—but discipline must be maintained.

Whenever a Hausa receives a present or payment he assumes this position, and you drop the money into his hands.



I woke up and dressed at 5.15 this morning. More domestic trouble! Adisha, because Alu (second boy) had interpreted her story to me falsely, as she affirmed, poured some kerosene on his bed, and set light to it. He possessed a fine mosquito curtain, a pillow, and a glorious blanket like a travelling rug. She swore she was asleep all the time. I felt it beyond me to interfere, and have left matters to take their course. Then

Dick, the cook, was not well enough, he said, to walk, so he got two carriers from the village and made a ham-

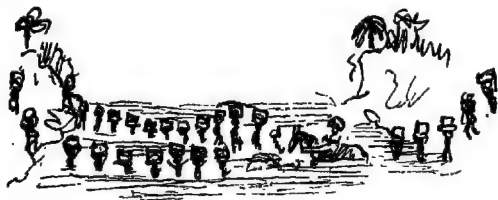


mock out of four sticks and a blanket, and was carried after this fashion till the next village, and so on, as the two carriers were not strong

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

enough to carry him for long together. Everybody here is as straight as a stick through carrying heavy weights on the head from childhood.

Well, we started at 6.45 A.M. As usual I brought up the rear. The grass was so high and wet that I wore my burberry, and very glad I was that I did so, as the path was so narrow that soon burberry and boots were dripping wet with dew. After half-an-hour's march



we came to a river, the Kara, a tributary of the Kaduna. Then there was a sight for the gods. Two different theories as to the ford prevailed among the carriers, so they branched off in a V. The bank was very steep, so I had to have the *doki* led to the water's edge before I mounted. There was a sand-bank in the middle. The water came up to the carriers' waists, and they kept on shouting at one another, and making a h—— of a row. After the river I should think we crossed quite twenty streams, fully half of which seemed to take a delight in running

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

with the road for about thirty yards or so. My horse sank deep in the mud once and fell over. I skipped off on to the dry. The grass at times grew lower, so that I could see into the bush.

We soon drew near Okuro (*vide* map), which lies on a high mountain, the beginning of a series of hills, not a range, but scattered, which stretch far on ahead. We passed on along the bottom.

From there to Maruba the country is very rocky and stony, sometimes smooth granite slabs forty to fifty feet in length lying across the path, and making the horse slip about. The country is very fine and impressive here.

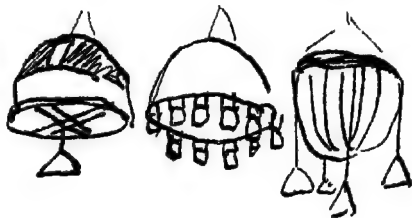
From Okuro to Maruba we encountered frequent bush fires—the sky blackened by smoke—great masses of red flame—while big ginger monkeys and eagles roamed about in terror. It made the noise of guns firing as it crackled. I had a great shock as we were marching through grass ten to eighteen feet high. The sun suddenly set light to it on either side of me. There was a terrible crackling noise, but I got through before the flames met over the path.

To get to Maruba we took a short cut, a mountain-path, and so had to scale the town wall of stone, about four feet high. As my *doki* could not climb or jump it, I had a portion pulled down to let me through. The Sariki with his ~~staff~~ came out to meet me, and pre-

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

sented me with two cocks, a fine big pumpkin, and guinea-corn for the horse.

This town is right high up on a stony mountain, with mountains facing it on nearly every



side. I have a big hut, with three scare-devil "ju-ju's" in the entrance, hanging from the roof.

The outside of my hut is covered with calabash creeper. The place swarms with goats and kids.

[GALMA.]

Wednesday, 11th Nov.—We are now camped for the night at Galma, a big town with a mud wall and mud palaces, but all in a state of ruin, since they were destroyed by the Fulani from Kontagora. Last night all the surrounding mountains were a grand sight, being a mass of flames, from both natural and man-made fires. I "dashed"¹ the Sariki two empty tins, and I never thought he would rise from his knees

¹ Pidgin-English for "gave."

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

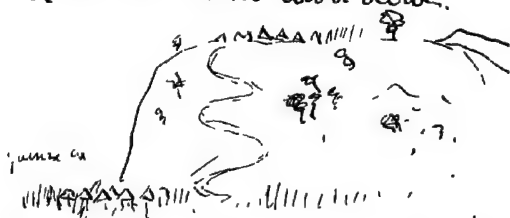
again. I had a breakfast of pumpkin and grape-nuts, and we started off from Maruba at seven o'clock. The country was the most impressive I had yet come to. We had to cross three ranges of hills to get to this place, which, though situated high, lies at the foot of a mountain on which is another town. The path was most difficult, a mass of big sharp boulders among grass, now only four to ten feet high. How my horse managed to scramble over them without cutting himself, I can't imagine. At times the road was simply one stone slab, while great hills of smooth rock, with a few trees on them, rose on either side. I have not seen a palm tree for days—the trees all look like English ones. Some have the autumn tinge, and are red or bright yellow. All dead trees get bleached by the sun, and look bright white. There is a tree I call the "live-rat tree,"¹ the fruit of which is hard as a cocoanut, and covered with green velvet. They are from one to two feet long, with long stalks, and cannot be eaten. The tree is big and high, and covered with the green "rats."

There are also red, yellow, terra-cotta, and orange-coloured flowers about, but I have not seen any blue ones. The place swarms with gorgeous dragon-flies.

At times I could see for forty miles or so on

¹ The baobab (*Adansonia digitata*).

here at 3.45 The sardar dashed me
a chicken & I dashed him an empty
tin, at which he was quite over-
come. There are two Gilmass one
on this hill another lower down.



The native cloth most favoured in
the parts is of an Oxford Blue colour.



sardar of Marula



sardar of
Gilmass

headman of carriers. Shiovan here

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

one side or the other, at others I could only see the grass on either side of me, and not even the path in front. The scenery changes very rapidly—at times high grass, with scattered trees—then woods and low grass—then open and stony—



then close and stony—precipitous descents and jumps for the horse, and ascents likewise.

We arrived here at 3.45. The Sariki “dashed” me a chicken, and I “dashed” him an empty tin, at which he was quite overcome. There are two Galmas, one on the hill and another lower down.

The native cloth most favoured in these parts is of an Oxford blue colour. The Hausa *tobe*

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

lasts over a hundred years in constant wear ; it is handed down from father to son ; even when threadbare it makes a sufficient covering. Many of the carriers wear *tobes* torn in shreds from the seams where the native stuff¹ is sewn together.

Cook and wife are quite reconciled again.

The only native vegetable I have come across is the ordinary pumpkin. There is no fruit obtainable here, only ground-nuts.

[KURIBI.]

Thursday, 12th Nov.—I slept in a big, plain mud hut, specially built for *Batures*.² At 4.30 I was awakened by cries of *Allah!* as some pious Mohammedan said his prayers. So I got up, and had had breakfast by 5.30, so we were able to start very early. The country was much the same as that which we had already traversed. I saw several grey monkeys. My horse fell backwards in trying to scale a very steep bank out of a deep stream. Of course I skipped off on to the dry bank in time.

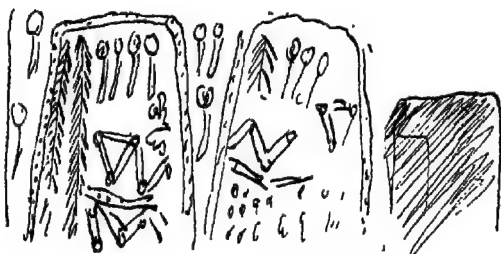
At 10.30 A.M. we arrived at this place, where we stay to-night. It is a very big, walled village called Kuribi (not on map). It has mud walls and gates at every exit, and several many-

¹ The cloth made on the native looms is in narrow strips, only two or three inches wide.

² The Hausa plural is *Baturi*.

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

roomed mud houses, most of them half destroyed by the Fulani. An attempt has been made at decoration, and most of the mud huts and the several-roomed houses are carved outside somewhat after this fashion.



One big mud house is even decorated with shells outside. I have a square mud hut for a change, the first of that shape that I have seen. The door is so low that I have to stoop a lot to enter. I shot six pigeons and a big bird-of-prey to-day, and I am having three of the former for breakfast. I had sweet potatoes for the first time to-day—they are very nice. I have also obtained some unripe paw-paw in the village for cooking.

My carriers are a fine body of men. About eighteen of the forty are well over six feet.

At Galma we picked up one who had been left there sick on the journey to Zungeru, so our party numbers forty-eight now. They

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

make no use of the handles on the boxes at all, but bind a rope round horizontally, by which they hold and lift them, and put a head-pad on underneath, so that wooden bottoms to uniform cases make no difference.¹ Some tie ropes to each side, and use them to balance the load instead of putting an arm up occasionally. When we come to a stream, there is a pause while they take off their sandals. To put them on they throw them on the ground, and step into them without stooping. Most of them, and most of the villagers also, wear goat-skins round the waist. Those villagers who wear nothing else look just like E. T. Reed's "pre-historic men." To-morrow we start at three o'clock in the morning for Kotonkoro (see map), where we hope to arrive at mid-day. It is a very big place comparatively. The Sariki has just paid me a visit. He is by far the greatest looking "blood" of the Sarikis I have met as yet—in a green hat, and green and white *tobe*.

[KOTONKORO.]

Friday, 13th Nov.—Here I am at Kotonkoro. I got up at 2.30 this morning, and by four o'clock we were on the march. It was a picturesque sight—the carriers warming themselves

¹ Tin cases are made in England with wooden bottoms, so as to be more easily carried on the head by the natives.



Sariki of Kuribi

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

before a roughly lit fire in front of my hut, while the packages were being sorted. There was not a sound when we started; even the crickets, which ordinarily make a noise like the sharpening of knives, were silent. As I was very sleepy I leant right back on my horse till my head rested on the rump just before the tail starts, and went to sleep. I was woken up by the feeling of falling off. I had slept quite three-quarters of an hour. My doki-boy, Kaidoqua, was propping me up to prevent my falling right off.

The weather here is just like English summer weather, and so is the temperature. It was cloudy till nine this morning. The trees look quite like English ones in shape, and palms and odd trees are very rare. The natives call the "rat-tree" *kuka*. The grass is lower now, only about five feet, with occasional tall grasses, but not thick together. The country generally is fairly open woodland.

I had sweet potatoes fried with three of the pigeons I shot yesterday; they were both excellent.

About 11.30 A.M. we arrived at the mud-walled town of Kotonkoro. The rest-house is a fine, big, mud house, on the top of a high hill, with a verandah built half-way round, from which there is a splendid view.

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

The Sariki has just paid me a visit. He insisted on staying on his knees the whole time. He is a younger man than the others I have seen, and wore a sky-blue *tobe* with Oxford-blue embroidery.

My cook is a very good one, but rather extravagant with dripping, rice, and such like.

I do so wish I had brought more "chop



boxes"—mine are nearly finished. I have five spare carriers, two without work, and three carrying things for S——r, and now it will cost me sixteen shillings for every parcel sent to Sokoto.

BENA (*see map*).

Saturday, 14th Nov.—I got up at 1.30 this morning, and we were on the march by 3 A.M. It was delightful marching by moonlight, but I only got five hours' sleep. The air is so cool

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

that I have to wear both coat and burberry. There is not a sound till the crickets begin just before dawn. I usually ride about half a mile



Oudu

behind the last carrier, with my two doki-boys, Oudu, a man who was a slave at Sokoto when the English came there, and Kaidoqua, who lived in Kano when the English first came there.

The carriers always carry my uniform cases with the wood part towards the sky, and the use of handles is unknown to them. The crickets stop their noise by ten o'clock, and then the night is perfectly still. This town is called Bena (see map). It is very big and straggly, about 2500 inhabitants, and four to six miles round the walls. It was woodland, low trees and scattered, all the way here. At times the grass was quite low.



Kaidoqua

I find that it was not the Sariki, but his secretary, who visited me yesterday.

This rest-house is quite a plain mud hut; the floor is hard and clean as usual. Three of the Sariki's staff waited on me, and remained on their knees, pouring sand from the ground on their heads. (See p. 77.)

This place swarms with cows and goats. I have just shot three pigeons. They are delicious

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

eating. It is not a bit too hot, and, as no palm-trees are visible, I often imagine I am in Eng-



land till I see a black face. The Sariki here has "dashed" me five eggs and a paw-paw, besides guinea-corn. I shot six birds yesterday.

DARAGA.

Sunday, 15th Nov.—I woke up late, 3.30, so we were not on the road till ten minutes to five. We arrived here, Daraga (see map), twenty miles from Bena, at one o'clock. To-morrow we have a long march through Banaga to Badeja—twenty-one miles. Then we enter the Sokoto province, and thence Sokoto is only five days' march. We average over twenty miles a day. The carriers are very good indeed, as they are Sokoto men, not the ordinary Zungeru men, who would take four or five days more than we take. The road from Kotonkoro so far has been comparatively good—four to twelve feet wide at parts, but very rocky. The heat here is a dry heat, and I can walk in the middle of the day without even perspiring. I don't think

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

it has been more than 85° so far, while it must have been 45° some nights. When I got within two miles of Daraga, I was astonished to find the Sariki riding out to meet me on a horse as below, with about ten followers on foot.



He dismounted, and so did I, and then we both got up again. He is the first Sariki so far who has kept a horse. His town has 700 inhabitants. We rode on, his sword-bearer running in front, then my first doki-boy, then self, then the Sariki, and the rest of his and my staffs. The sword-bearer (the Sariki also wore a sword) had to run like blazes as we cantered

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

along; the rest all dropped behind, as did the Sariki soon, so I pulled up to a trot. He conducted me to the rest-house, just outside the town wall. It is the finest I have seen so far, in a big mud-walled courtyard with three servants' huts, and an enormous tree for shade. The rest-house is square, with mud



Note windows

pillars for support inside; all white-washed, inside and out, except the outside corners, which are painted red-brick colour. The roof is flat—the first flat roof I have seen.

After the Sariki had left, I sat down and soon saw a procession wending its way towards me. They carried wood, guinea-corn, two chickens, five eggs, yams, and a pumpkin.

My gee-gee is turning out much better than I expected, and maybe I shall keep him, and not sell him when I get to Sokoto. He has a habit of biting, but no other tricks, and has stood the journey quite well so far.

Later.—I find that Daraga has only 400 inhabitants, but the Sariki has four camels as well as a *doki*. I had a look at the town, and organised races among the carriers. I was also given a ride by a Hausa on his horse.

More domestic trouble! My cook's wife has

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

run off to a Hausa also travelling to Sokoto. Dick has knocked down the man and made him



Sarikin Daraga

bleed all over. Serve him right. He will also sue him for theft at Sokoto.

BADEJA (*not on map*).

Monday, 16th Nov.—I am now at the above place, and to-morrow we march to Anka, whence Sokoto is only three or four days' journey. I got up at two in the morning. When we were on the march I discovered that my horse was a bit lame behind, and also that the cook's wife had returned and wanted to be allowed to go on to Sokoto. Both these things occurring at three o'clock in the morning would be enough to upset any man's temper, but it did not upset

EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

mine. We met countless herds of goats and cows on the way. We reached Banaga at 6.30 A.M. I went inside to have a look at the place. The Sariki met me, and after salaaming, showed me round, with his staff—way led by sword-bearer. It must be about six miles round the walls, with five fine gateways, about forty feet deep. The Sariki is a short, jolly old man with a grey beard.



I rode on, and it seemed ages before we got to Badeja, twenty-one miles from our starting-



Hausa saddle, red leather, and ornamented saddle-cloth

point. We met, besides cattle, a troop of donkeys with pack-saddles. About three miles out from Badeja the Sariki met me; he had ridden out alone. He is a very tall man, 6 feet

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

3 inches or so, and clean shaven. The rest-house is very good, of a similar style to that of



Daraga. Hausas look very impressive when mounted on horseback, with their big turbans and sometimes hats on top.

VI

REACHING SOKOTO

REACHING SOKOTO

ANKA.

Tuesday, 17th.—We started getting ready at two o'clock last night. I wish I could have slept on ; I was very sleepy. The road is now very broad, about fourteen feet, but very stony in places. It was very cold, so that I walked the first six miles of the journey. Most of the country is under cultivation, guinea-corn being seen on all sides, and bush only for the first ten miles or so. Anka is a very big town, and there is a fine rest-house. On arrival I found that the Sariki had gone out to meet a Mr. T——n, an A.R., who has just completed his first tour, and who is on his way home.



*Sariki of Anka.
Note Hausu riding-boots*

He came in, about an hour after I arrived, and looked very fit. He is an old Univ. Oxford man, and knew Mr. C—— who was on the boat. He speaks Hausa like a native.

The Hon. E. J. Stanley has just died of abscess on the liver at Sokoto.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

I hear that all political officers will be in the town for the Governor's arrival on the 5th December, so I shall probably not have a house to myself. We had lunch and dinner together, but only sat up talking till nine o'clock, as I had to get up at two o'clock again.

[DAMRI.]

Wednesday, 18th.—We got to this place, Damri, at 1.30 P.M. It was a long march, through a big forest about eighteen miles across, and intensely monotonous. The chant of the carriers as they walk at night is just like a chant used on the Day of Atonement. We rested for half-an-hour in the dry bed of a river running through the wood. It seems so funny, as the climate and scenery are so like England, to see black faces and black men. They look so out of place when there are no palm trees to be seen.

I asked T——n to drop you a line saying he had seen me.

The Sarikin Mussulmi¹ of Sokoto is the fourth greatest power in the Mohammedan world, and corresponds (in writing, of course) with the Sultan of Turkey, the Khedive, and the Sultan of Morocco. Sokoto province is

¹ *Lit.* Commander of the Faithful. Mussulmi is also written Muslimin.

REACHING SOKOTO

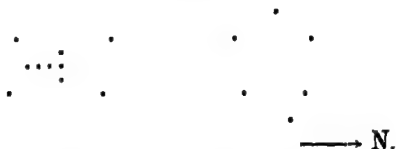
about the size of Scotland, 35,400 square miles, and there are one First, one Third Class, and seven Assistant Residents to administer it.

TURETA.

Thursday, 19th Nov.—My journey is nearly finished. The day after to-morrow I shall be in Sokoto, but to-morrow's march is twenty-four miles. To-day's was very long and tiring. I got up at 1.30 AM., and we were off by three o'clock. We did not reach here till two o'clock—eleven hours on the road. The moon is getting so near "newness" that it hardly gives any light at all, and travelling is in consequence slow. I can tell my direction by the stars now. There are two curious groups, and when they are on your left you are going north.



Sariki of Tureta



They are very conspicuous; I call the second the crown.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

Sokoto country is somewhat different from Kontagora. It does not possess the big rocky hills, and is much more like England. There are plenty of cows, horses, donkeys, goats, sheep, and camels.

The birds, both big and small, are all gorgeous—every colour of the rainbow—some like emerald spangles, some dazzling scarlet and gold, some sky-blue, some orange, some blue and orange mixed. Some trees perfectly swarm with birds. I think on one I passed there must have been fully a thousand, and about fifty different species; every leaf of this tree literally spoke. In “birdy” parts, the noise from them in the early mornings is deafening. There is no dew in the mornings in the Sokoto country. The flies here are nothing like as bad as in England in the summer, and a mosquito net is hardly necessary. At Sokoto they have spring water, and do not even trouble to boil or filter it before drinking.

Yesterday I ate three chickens in the course of the day. My ordinary meal on march consists of tea, or water with native limes squeezed into it, two pigeons or one fowl, sweet potatoes fried or boiled, boiled paw-paw or pumpkin, and sometimes rice or a milk rice pudding. Since I have been in the Sokoto country I have had fresh cow's milk. Native butter is used for dripping in Sokoto.

REACHING SOKOTO

After about twelve miles' march to-day through open woods, we came to a village, and there I met Captain G——, A.R., who was taking a host of native chiefs, spare horses, camels and cattle to meet H. E. at Daraga. He served five years in the "Waffs,"¹ and has only just become an Assistant Resident.

As you can see by my drawings, the Hausa is by no means a naked savage, but wears considerably more clothes than a European does out here. My two Kano boys talk of the "Indiehs" they see



Native driver



Dick.

Ali

So.

Kaidoqua.

Oudu.

Staff, showing costumes usually worn. If shirts are possessed, it is fashionable to wear them over the trousers. So wears a cloth

there, and say they are like Arabs. Oudu

¹ West African Frontier Force.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

was a slave of the Sariki of Kano, after whom he is named. He was made to fight when the British came to Kano,¹ and described to me the terrible effect of the Maxim gun, with its horrible rattle. He *gudu* (ran away) with the Sariki to Sokoto, was enfranchised, and lived there three years. He has brothers, slaves of the Sarikin Mussulmi of Sokoto. I feel such a dwarf² beside the Hausa and Fulani men ; quite 35 per cent. are over six feet.

DENGE.

Friday 20th.—I killed five birds yesterday. I went to see the town of Tureta, and “dashed” the Sariki one of the pigeons I shot.

We started to get ready at two o'clock again, and were off by 3.30 A.M. I was so tired and sleepy, that at a quarter to five I got off my horse, wrapped myself up in my burberry and gauntlet gloves, and went to sleep in the bush by the roadside till 6.30. When I woke up it was light. I found I had slept on a place where the grass had been burnt, and my burberry was all black patches. As I was very hungry, the next question was whether to leave my groom who carried my water-bottle, and ride on to catch up Oudu who carried the ground-nuts I eat on the march, and so perhaps not get water

¹ See Historical Notes, p. 219.

² He was 5 ft. 11 in.



ON IRLK—A RLNI HOUSE COMPOUND



A SARIKI KIDING IN SIALL

REACHING SOKOTO

when I wanted it—or to go hungry. I decided to ride on, and did so. About half-way I met Captain M——l with the M.I. escort, on their way down to meet the Governor. I had breakfast with him. The Hausa M.I. look very smart in khaki, with blue and yellow turbans and sashes. Shortly after I met him, the landscape changed from bush to open country, and then to cultivated land, from which all the crops had been already reaped. I forgot to say that all along the road to Sokoto I met whole herds of donkeys being driven along, with packs on their backs. As I drew near Denge, the country began to swarm with cows, goats, and donkeys, herds of a hundred goats being quite common. Denge is a Fulani town, and the Sariki is a great “blood,” brother or relation of the Sarikin Mussulmi of Sokoto.

All the Sarikis I have met go down on their knees, touch the ground with their heads, and say *Zaki* (Lion), and wait for the word *Tashi* (Rise!). The Sariki was at the rest-house on foot, to meet me, with a band and tremendous staff of about 150. He was superintending the erection of more buildings round the rest-house. Just before, my horse, which was dog-tired, stumbled and fell down; he got up again in a moment, however. I am glad this march

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

is over. It seemed terribly long to-day—twenty-three miles: starting at 3.30 A.M., we arrived at 2 P.M. I am feeling very tired. To-morrow we



*Fulani work-girl.
Note method of doing
hair*

have only fourteen miles to do. The women here are all very busy, laying a mud floor outside the compound, while the men are clearing grass from round about. The band plays all the time, and the Sariki superintends.

Some Fulanis are jet-black like the Sarikis¹ of Sokoto and Denge; most are ivories. The Sariki's vizier is a very good-looking young man, and wears a white *riga* (or *tobe*) worked all over the front and back with green silk. The Sariki has just left. When he went, all the Fulani women working here, about eighty or so, sang "*sariki hau*" repeatedly, *i.e.* "The Chief, or King mounts his horse." As they beat the ground, they all sing, and beat to time.



Fulani man

About 6.30.—O——, a gunner, came in from Sokoto on his way home, with no carriers, but forty donkeys. He had with him

¹ Hausa pl. of *Sariki* is *Sarakai* or *Sarakuna*.



*Visier of the Sariki of Denge. (Riga white, embroidered green silk;
scarlet and blue trousers)*

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

£8000 of Government money, each donkey carrying £200 in silver. I had met him before. We dined together.

[SOKOTO.]

Monday, 23rd.—I started at four o'clock the next morning. It was only fourteen miles, so I got to Sokoto, white men's quarters, by nine o'clock. I saw L——, a Third Class Resident (there are four of them in the province). He gave me breakfast. He was busy interviewing Sarikis about assessment. I then went on to T——, the First Class Resident, who asked me to lunch. At six we went to the club and played three-bridge, the other Englishmen, except the three sergeants and the foreman of the P.W.D., having gone out for three days' shooting. We dined with T—— in the evening.

Yesterday I started reading up orders and reports to get an idea of the state of things. This year, after all expenses paid, Sokoto had a surplus revenue of £5000; more is anticipated next year. It is supposed to be the best-administered province of Northern Nigeria. It is hoped soon to drop the present taxes, a tax of 5 per cent. on grain, industries, and head of cattle, and to substitute only an economic land-value tax (*i.e.* ground rent), so that people will reap the whole benefit of their labours. The

REACHING SOKOTO

Sarikis are paid out of the taxes collected, the Government taking 50 per cent. except in Sokoto town, where the Sarikin Mussulmi gets 75 per cent.

There are four brick houses built, of two or three rooms each, but the roofs have not yet arrived. There is a row of about eight big mud houses, about twenty-five feet high, with a verandah all round, some with one, some with two, some with three rooms. Three or four of them are used as offices. I live at present in a one-room house. When the Governor comes I shall move into the next, a three-room one, and double up with S—k, A.R.; when the Governor leaves, I shall have that house to myself. I am to take charge of the Provincial Office—whatever that may mean—and the prison for the present, and hold the rank of Deputy Sheriff for Sokoto in addition to being A.R.

I played polo for the first time yesterday. I played two chukkas on M.I. ponies, hired at 6d. each, and one on a second horse I don't contemplate buying at present, but possibly might. It belongs to the cook of the 1st N.N.R. officer here, B—d.

Please *always* send my newspapers by *letter* post and *d*— the expense. I have not yet received any, though I have received two letters.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

I have not had an opportunity of posting a letter since I left Zungeru, as no white men were stationed in the towns I passed through. The post leaves here Wednesdays as a rule.

Postscript, 24th Nov. '08.—This province is already perfectly organised, and there is no scope for original work. This morning I received about £100 cattle-tax (*jungali*) in small silver. I also inspected the prison. All the natives here dress like tremendous “bloods”; all wear turbans and trousers, and two, three, or even four *rigas*¹ besides. My writing I know is d——d bad, but I am in a great hurry. I have not had time to read through this letter. Three natives of the M.I. play polo, as do two sergeants. We play bridge every night, 2s. 6d. a hundred. I have not received a single newspaper yet. *Letter post is the post they should go by.*

¹ The Hausa pl. of *riga* is *riguna*.

VII

THE WORK OF AN A.R.

THE WORK OF AN A.R.

SOKOTO.

Sunday, 29th Nov. '08.—I have now been here a full week and a bit. I enclose my letter of appointment. I am worked terribly hard now, as H.E. is coming down to inspect in a week. I have taken over the Provincial Store and the Prison Store. Many things are down in the ledger which cannot be found elsewhere. I have to take over the whole Provincial Office work on Tuesday, which means taking charge of £7000 in the safe; collecting and counting £23,000 from the Sarikis; paying everybody; ordering carriers or donkeys; sending in countless returns every month, quarter, and six months; hearing cases in the Provincial Court, of which I am a judge; taking a record of all cases in the native courts; copying maps; measuring prisoners on arrival, and entering particulars in six different books; estimating the price for guinea-corn; and ordering any building necessary to be built, and paying for it. Yesterday there were 1000 carriers, all in one tremendous string, in front of my office, for

THE WORK OF AN A.R.

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THE WORK OF AN A.R.

SOKOTO.

Sunday, 29th Nov. '08.—I have now been here a full week and a bit. I enclose my letter of appointment. I am worked terribly hard now, as H.E. is coming down to inspect in a week. I have taken over the Provincial Store and the Prison Store. Many things are down in the ledger which cannot be found elsewhere. I have to take over the whole Provincial Office work on Tuesday, which means taking charge of £7000 in the safe; collecting and counting £23,000 from the Sarikis; paying everybody; ordering carriers or donkeys; sending in countless returns every month, quarter, and six months; hearing cases in the Provincial Court, of which I am a judge; taking a record of all cases in the native courts; copying maps; measuring prisoners on arrival, and entering particulars in six different books; estimating the price for guinea-corn; and ordering any building necessary to be built, and paying for it. Yesterday there were 1000 carriers, all in one tremendous string, in front of my office, for

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

me to inspect their loads of corn. I have to inspect 4000 more loads. I have four messengers



and an interpreter, all tremendous "bloods," who ride horses, and wear enormous turbans and beautifully embroidered trousers and *rigas*. They carry their money in the end of the turban that hangs down. They nearly all put part of the cloth over the mouth.

Quite 35 per cent. of the *rigas* here are made out of plain English cotton, and on many you see stamped "250 yards" or so.

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday we play polo at the club from 4.30 to 5.30, and on the other days tennis at the same times. From 5.30 to 7.30 every day there is bridge; the Resident is very keen on it.

To-day for the first time I visited the town. We are quite two miles from the walls. I rode through for an hour, but did not come to the wall on the further side. Everybody was very gorgeously dressed, with enormous turbans, &c. Camels, donkeys, goats, and horses swarmed. Some trees were covered with storks, while the ordinary tame English pigeon was to be seen



A Hausa

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

everywhere. The square mud houses, as in all Hausa towns, are in compounds, with castellated mud walls, about fifteen feet high, round them. The Fulani men are very handsome, and look very much like young Hindus, except that they are more terra-cotta.

I have bought another horse, a big pony, brown and very fast, price £7, 15s. I have also got another addition to my household in the shape of a cook's mate and water-carrier called Oudu, at thirteen shillings a month. I have now two Oudus. I have the devil of a lot of work to do to get ready for H.E., so I cannot write more now.

Tuesday.—Am full of work still. The Emir of Argungu arrived here this morning with over a thousand glittering horsemen¹ and many camels. They all drew up in front of our lines. The Emir of Gando will come in later, also a gorgeous sight; he has about five hundred horsemen. I have got three films left, and I hope to use them when H.E. comes. There will be reviews and races then, and over twenty thousand horsemen will ride out to meet him.

I have fresh fish every day and various meats—fish and meat every meal.

¹ The natives wear brilliant coloured robes and turbans of enormous size, with magnificent silver and coloured leather saddles and bridles.—*From another letter.*



HORSMEN RIDING OUT TO MILE HE



THE CROWD ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE

THE WORK OF AN A.R.

Sokoto.

[*Monday,*] 7th Dec. '08.—H.E. arrived here Saturday for a week on a tour of inspection. I dined with him last night. T—— is being sent on to Kano, and V—— and I are to be the only Politicals left here. We rode out to meet H.E. at the head of ten to fifteen thousand horsemen. The dust was appalling, but it was a glorious sight. I took several photos and used up all my remaining films. H.E. on arrival received the three Emirs—Sokoto, Gando, and Argungu. Sunday we rested, and to-day there was a review and a reception of the chiefs, a very grand sight; about twenty-five thousand natives turned out to see it. All the Sarikis were received in turn. The Sarikin Mussulmi was dressed in white, with a



*Sarikin Mussulmi; Emir of Gando;
Emir of Argungu*

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

long sky-blue silk cape trimmed with silver lace, which touched the ground.

The Sarikin Gando had a light green silk cape embroidered with silver lace, then a sky-blue silk robe, then a pink silk robe, then a dark blue silk robe, then a crimson silk one, and lastly a white silk one. As he turned the sleeves up on to the shoulder you could see them all on top of one another. He wore a dark blue silk turban.

The different Sarikis brought in sixteen *dokis*¹ as "dashes" to H.E., who took eight, and the rest were auctioned. I bought two, a very strong-looking but small pony for £8.5s., and a big one for £4 not so strong. I have now four horses.

P.S.—Letter post is best for *everything*. It reaches.

¹ Hausa pl. of *doki* is *dawaki* or *dawakai*.



CROWD AT THE RECEPTION OF THE CHIEFS



AN EMBASSY

VIII

THE FIRE

THE FIRE

[Telegram letter.] Handed in at Sokoto,
Dec. 12th, 1 P.M.

EVERYTHING I possess burnt in fire, except evening clothes I was wearing, bedclothes, saddle, and tiffin-box. Send by return in tin uniform case: cavalry burberry, two pairs brown boots, handkerchiefs, socks, prismatic compass, medicine case.

SOKOTO.

Sunday, 13th Dec.—As no doubt my letter, wired from here to Lagos, will have informed you, all my possessions have been burnt, except four horses, saddlery, tiffin-box, bed and bedding on the bed (all mosquito-nets and netting were destroyed, and some holes burnt in the blankets), tin bath, old grey riding-breeches, canvas gaiters, one flannel shirt, revolver, and the clothes I was wearing, viz. black dinner jacket and trousers, one thin vest, one black tie, collar, white shirt, one pair socks, one pair pumps, and cummerbund. Everything else, clothes, sun-hats, guns, filters, camera, field-glasses, medicines, &c., &c., are non-existent.

The fire occurred this wise. On Wednesday, 9th December, we had a station dinner to H.E.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

and T——, who is leaving for Kano. We all dined in V——'s house. After H.E. had gone away, we were all playing cards or talking, when, about 12 P.M., a servant rushed in and shouted "*Wuta!*" (Fire!). We were all so busily engaged that he had to shout three times before any one heard him. We then rushed out and saw G—— and B——'s house one mass of flame. In a second it had spread to our roof. I rushed in and hauled my bed outside, but a spark caught the curtain, and up it went on fire with the rods. I then got out my saddles and bridles, while my boys pulled out the first things handy, viz. the tiffin-basket and bath. Then the roof fell in, and further work was impossible. I tried to move my boxes, but as they were all handcuffed together¹ I could not. It was lucky I had not gone to bed, or I should have been roasted for a cert. It was impossible to do anything, and my kerosene and ammunition added to the blaze. The troops came up, but throwing sand on the fire was of no avail. The next morning it was still burning. S——k rescued all his boxes and his clothes. G—— lost all his year's provisions and bed, but nothing else, and B——e, who had just come in, and had left most of his things behind, lost practically nothing except saddlery.

¹ To prevent their being stolen.



SARIKIS ASSIMBLING AT SOKOTO



ON THE WAY TO THE RLY W

THE FIRE

Everything was melted and unrecognisable next day. The sides of my uniform cases lay about, handcuffed together, but all apart—and not a thing but ashes. My cook's house and boys' house were also set on fire by the sparks, and so I lost all cook-pots and filters, and they all their things. I had £6 of my own and £36 odd Government money, which was all destroyed. I may possibly have to refund £10 of it, but I hope to be exempt £26, petty cash for immediate payments.

People were very good to me. Some one "dashed" me some pyjamas for the night; and next morning six shirts, one sun-hat, two pairs of trousers, and washing materials were given me; and I have been asked by S——r, and also by V——, to live with them till I get stores up from the Niger Company at Zungeru, *i.e.* for one month. I spend half my time with each. The following contributed to my outfit: H.E., a sun-helmet (too large, so I passed it on to S——k, who had lost his); G——, washing materials; L——, ditto; T——, two pairs of boots, two old suits, and provisions; B——d, soap; doctor, quinine; Dr. B—— (H.E.'s medical officer), sun-hat, two shirts, one pair boots, one coat, two pairs puttees; so I am able to tide over for the present. I had no footgear left except pumps, and have now only two pairs of socks.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA.

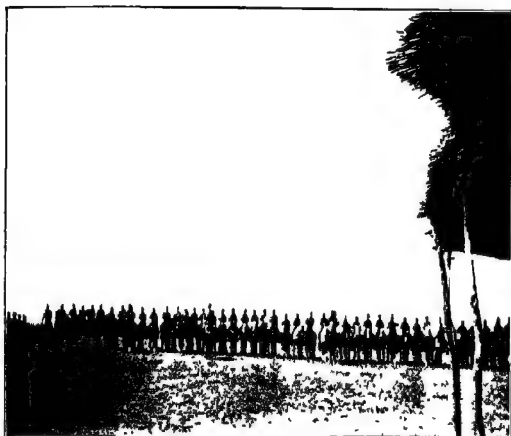
Please send by return the following articles:—

* * * * *

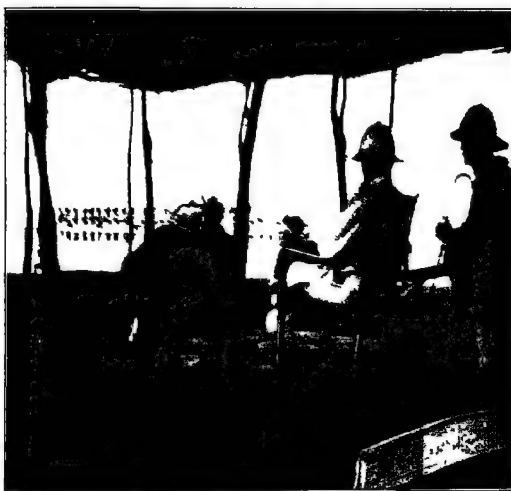
Luckily all Stanley's things had not been disposed of, so I bought one mosquito-net, two tin uniform cases, one helmet case, one wooden box with zinc lining, three bottles pickles, and one box of ninety-six tins "Ideal" milk for travelling.

The next evening we all went to dine with H.E., after which we played such rough games that everybody got crocked or badly scratched. H.E. played too, and was voted a great success. The next day he left. As everybody was crocked, I was told off to escort him. He travelled in a hammock, as on the day before the fire he had been kicked on the leg by a horse. I rode out about seven miles to look after the carriers and hammock men. H.E. complimented me on the way I had learnt Hausa in so short a time. I forgot to mention that the day of the fire we had races. I rode in four events, but did not get nearer than fourth place, and that was in the Governor's Cup.

It is possible that I may recover two-thirds the value of necessities, but I doubt it. Of course that puts guns and camera out of the question as far as compensation goes. I am therefore indenting for about £120 worth.



REVIEW OF MOUNTED INFANTRY



THE SARIKIN MUSSULMI BEING RECEIVED BY U. I.

THE FIRE

Please send also :—

* * * * *

Tuesday, 15th Dec.—I have just had to send off a number of carriers and 600 donkeys to Jega. To-day I sold the horse I bought at Zungeru for £6, and bought another, a bay, for the same price, so I still have four horses.

I am now without a cook, as mine was under suspicion, not of theft, but of setting fire to G——'s house, as he owed him a grudge; so I had him escorted out of the Sokoto province by some of the Sarikin Mussulmi's horsemen. I had to arrest V——'s cook to-day for theft of V.'s things and money. As I am living with V. matters might appear complicated, but G—— is also living with him now, so G.'s cook does all the work, and my second boy Alu is learning from him, while I have taken on my cook's mate, "How-d'-you-do," as second boy. I had my first Hausa lesson to-day from the son of the Mijin Dadi, or general boss of the Sarikin Mussulmi. The boy goes to the Sokoto Mohammedan school, and can read and talk English well. He is about nineteen or twenty, and dresses no end of a "blood." I have made use of him to write Arabic receipts for me when my *mallam* was not available. No time to write more.

P.S.—What I want most is boots; clothes don't matter so much.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

SOKOTO.

[*Saturday*,] 19th Dec., '08.—It is rather late to wish you a happy New Year, but I do so all the same. I have been here a month to-day, and yet new and curious things are continually cropping up. In one morning, a few days ago, I paid 2113 carriers all going off to Jega, six days' march from here, to fetch building stores which had come up the Niger and Gulbin Kebbi in canoes. It took me from 10 to 2.30 to pay them, about 3s. 6d. a man. S——k went away in charge of them, and Captain L—— has gone back to Argungu, so now V——, G——, the P.W.D. foreman, and myself are the only white men left in our lines. Of course the two soldier officers, the doctor, and three sergeants are still here, but they live a quarter of a mile away in the military lines. V—— is off to Birnin Kebbi to-morrow to "hand over" to M——r, who has just arrived. V—— will remain Acting Resident here (as T—— went with H.E. to "take over" Kano) till M——m comes out from England. M——e, who came out with me, has been ordered to Sokoto, and is expected here in two or three days.

A French officer is coming over here to study the administration, and I have been told off to look after him when he comes, as I am the only French linguist here.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

My arrangement to buy another horse fell through, so that I am now reduced to three.

I am living now in the old Court House, a very roomy and lofty one-roomed house, with a raised dais at the end for the seats of the mighty. Tame deer run all about our



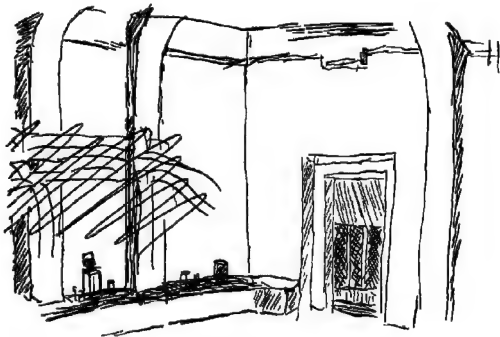
View from verandah back-door. Cook's mud house (right); boys' and doki-houses (straw backs); goats, barewa, and vultures in front

lines; they are either *barewa*¹ or reed buck, and they eat out of the hand. Here and there you see a goat, all brown to the centre of the back, and then white all the rest of the body. Black and white crows and vultures sit on nearly every house-roof; humming-birds flit about the trees; lizards swarm; and ants flow like water.

¹ Antelope.

THE FIRE

As I have no trousers to wear now, I have bought three pairs of Hausa soldier "shorts," and go about and ride with bare knees, and



View of corner inside house by back-door. Very high. Seats all round to put things on; all white-washed inside; floor stone-hard mud. You can see the sloping verandah roof and the matting outside

puttees or stockings. I am improving a bit at polo, and getting to hit the ball now. Later on I shall ask you to send a warm suit and



View from front door. Store in foreground

flannels, so that I can have something to wear on the way home. My camera was burnt, but the lens survives, so I am keeping it till I go home, but please don't send any more films.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

My field-glasses also remain, *i.e.* the glass, and it is possible to see through them all right, but all the leather and the eye-protectors have been



View of house, showing front door and verandah. Lower part and floor white-washed

burnt off. My thermos bottle had the leather burnt off it, but the bottle is intact.

P.S.—I am off this morning to Konni, on the frontier, to meet the Frenchman and escort him to Sokoto, and get rest-houses built for him on the way. I am taking a gilded staff of many native horsemen. I go through Godabawa—three days' march.

IX

GOING TO MEET THE FRENCH
MISSION

GOING TO MEET THE FRENCH MISSION

TERKE (40 miles N. of Sokoto).

[*Tuesday,*] 22nd Dec. 1908.—Here I am on trek again to meet a Frenchman on the frontier, coming from Konni to study our administration. I had half a day's notice to go, and had to get there in three days. I took ten carriers for odd things, and borrowed provisions to entertain the fellow. I took two of my own horses, one for myself, the other for boy Alu, who is now cook, and hired one from the Sarikin Mussulmi for Joe.¹ I also took an interpreter, a messenger, and a *mallam* (to write Arabic letters for me), all three mounted, besides an unmounted messenger, and two mounted orderlies from the Sarikin Mussulmi to show the way.

Yesterday there was a chapter of accidents. In the first place my cook's horse (a new purchase of mine) threw his rider, and, as they are all stallions here, and he particularly hated the stallion I was riding, he tried to get at him. Before I could say Jack Robinson he had reared

¹ Another name for So.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

up behind my horse, and kicking my back and shoulders with his front feet, tried to get a bite at my mount's neck. My horse let out with his hind feet, but I turned him round eventually, and for a short time they each stood on their hind legs, pawing and biting at each other face to face. The doki-boy came up soon, and caught the loose horse *Giwa* (elephant).

As *Giwa* was rather frisky, I determined to mount him myself, but I had not gone far when he suddenly stumbled, and we both rolled over in the sand. My mouth was filled with it, and my one-and-only-and-just-presented helmet was bashed in, but I made it shapely again with some difficulty.

I decided that I had had enough of *Giwa* for the day, and changed back on to *Dorina* (hippopotamus), my original mount. But my woes were not at an end. Just as I was about to mount him, he turned round and seized my right fore-arm, which was bare, in his mouth, and keeping firm hold with his teeth, he lifted me up and shook me five times. I felt all the flesh crunch horribly, but I did not hear the bone snap. It was lucky he did not seize my hand, or I should have lost the use of it. As it was, for eight inches between my elbow and my wrist, my arm was a bleeding, pulpy, and jelly-like

THE FRENCH MISSION

mass, and I lost all use of it till this morning, when I was able to use it partially, and am now writing with it.

The arm has swelled up considerably. I washed it immediately in Condy and water, and bandaged it, and this morning put on boracic powder.

We got to Kwari, about fourteen miles from Sokoto, about five o'clock; but my one and only watch has gone wrong, so I am not quite sure of the time, and it is an awful nuisance. The Sariki and about thirty men rode out to meet me, and I put up at the rest-house inside the town. I went to bed at half-past seven. I woke up at 10.30 P.M., and having no watch, thought it three o'clock in the morning, and collected my staff and carriers, and started. I took two mounted men from the Sariki, so that, self included, we had ten horsemen—the natives in brilliant saddlery and costume. I ride in short, Hausa, khaki breeches, the only things I possess to ride in.

We got to Godabawa, twenty-eight miles from Sokoto, at about 4.30 A.M. As it was dark, and I thought the Marafa (General of the S.M. and ruler of all Godabawa) might be inside, I sent the carriers on, and waited with the horsemen, and slept inside the rest-house till dawn. At dawn I found that the Marafa did not live there,

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

so I sent for the Dan Galadima (Mayor), and told him what I wanted done to get the house straight; and sent a letter in Arabic, written by my *mallam* (Mallam Ibrahim), to the Marafa, telling him my mission, and ordering him to meet me.

Then we all galloped on to catch up the carriers, which we did about six miles north of Godabawa town. I had only just overtaken them when a messenger galloped up, saying that the Marafa was coming up behind to see me. I looked round, and saw a clump of about twenty horsemen in the distance.

The Marafa is the second most important man in the province, in spite of the Emirs of Gando and Argungu being independent of the Sarikin Mussulmi. His country is the richest, possesses all the best horses, and very many of them, and, in extent, is greater than Argungu, and almost as big as Gando. He is a most imposing fellow, about 6 feet 6 inches tall, dressed in dark blue from head to foot, with high, black riding-boots reaching to the thigh, and he kept his mouth covered up all the time. I talked to him, and he then rode on in front to get Terke ready for me. By the time I got there, he had erected two huts of straw, and swept the place clear. He was very attentive, and I am taking five of his horsemen. After

THE FRENCH MISSION

the house was ready, he asked to have a talk with me, so he and I and the "tarpenter" (as they call the interpreter) and Mallam Ibrahim squatted down in a hut. I told him the purpose of my journey. He was full of complaints about the French, and wanted to know if there was any chance of getting the boundary altered again. He says the French have no *bature alkalis*¹ at all, i.e. white man judges (Residents and Assistants), and that if a Hausa or Fulani brings a complaint to a French officer, he is only beaten or shot. Their black soldiers are allowed to do exactly what they please; and in one part, whole villages are emigrating across our border.

When I have reached the border, I shall have gone from the extreme south to the extreme north, not only of Sokoto, but of both the Nigerias. It is only about fourteen miles from here to the border.

To-day we marched twenty-eight to thirty miles.

My arm still hurts like poison and hot mustard.

KELMALLO.

23rd.—I started at daybreak, my cavalcade being increased by orderlies from the Marafa to about fourteen horsemen. We reached here, Kelmallo, at about 9.30 A.M. Having sent a

¹ The Hausa plural of *alkali* is *alkalai*.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

note to the Frenchman that I was expecting him to-morrow, I received another, which had crossed mine, saying he was coming to-day about two o'clock. So I had all my arrange-



ments upset. However, I got the men to rig up two big, square, straw houses in one hour.

The Sariki of Kelmallo and his family have all got Semitic noses.

[SOKOTO]

[*Sunday, Dec. 27th.*—I pushed on from Kelmallo with the Sariki of that town and his

THE FRENCH MISSION

horsemen, and met the French mission at the boundary. To my intense astonishment I saw two white men—not one, as we had all been expecting—with great beards, bushy and bird-nesty, reaching to their chests. I thought one was a military officer, escorting the other to the frontier; but I found out to my surprise that the red-bearded one was the younger brother and secretary of the other. I had all my gilded



Going to meet the Frenchmen

staff, about eighteen glorious natives, together with the Sariki of Kelmallo and his horsemen, ready to receive them.

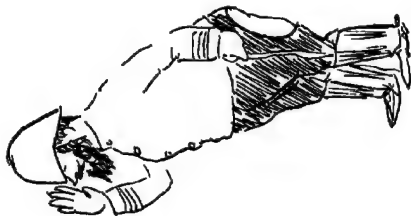
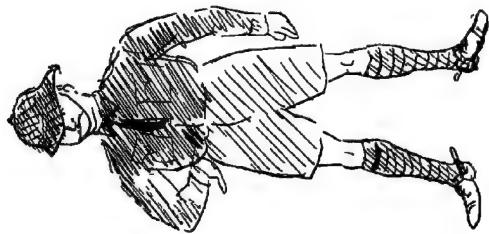
They wore white, close-fitting helmets, like those of English soldiers, khaki coats closed at the neck with pearl buttons, blue French military riding-breeches with a thin red stripe, and what caused endless laughter among my boys and carriers, a big, round patch of red native leather sewn on to the seat. They had four camels and thirty carriers from Konni, or Birni N'Konni as its real name is.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

We slept the night at Kelmallo. I dined with the Frenchmen. It was so funny to hear all their boys, who, by the way, were dressed in tricolour costume (as one might expect), talk French with a very good accent. We started off again at twelve o'clock at night, galloping in the pitch darkness, the Sarikin Yaiki, *i.e.* war chief of the Marafa of Godabawa, leading the way. The Frenchmen were in an awful funk at my being so venturesome as to go at more than a walk at night. At Terke the Sariki met us, so we had about thirty horsemen all galloping in single file.

About three hours after dawn we drew near Godabawa, where we were going to pass our last night before Sokoto. The Marafa and his staff met us about five miles outside. I got off and introduced them.

I showed the Frenchmen round Godabawa, and we started at five the next morning. They never washed before starting, and put on their clothes over their nighties. When their interpreter saw what a "blood" mine was, with a horse of his own, and a brass saddle and leopard-skin cloth, he said he was too tired to walk. So Captain M—— lent him his horse, and I lent the Captain one of mine, with which he was delighted. At dinner we had heavy sweet French champagne and Burgundy. His cook



Introducing the Frenchmen to the Marafa

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

was nothing at all compared to mine, and his food was dirty. He did not even boil his water.

From his own accounts he must be somewhat of a gun. He is in the position next to Governor, and hopes to be Governor soon. He has been five years out here, at Timbuctoo and elsewhere, and three years at the French Colonial Office. He has a lot of medals and orders. His brother has been four years in the French Colonial Civil Service.

We reached Kwari at eight o'clock, and the Sariki came out to meet us again. He is a fine old man, with a grey beard. After going round the town, which, like Sokoto, swarms with marabouts, we mounted and rode on. From about twelve miles north of Sokoto you get a splendid view of the country and of the town, as it lies on this side on the slope of a hill.

We reached Sokoto about eleven o'clock on the 25th. I left here on the afternoon of the 21st, so in four days I and my staff and ten carriers marched 120 miles, which is jolly good, considering the carriers had heavy loads.

The Frenchmen, as soon as we had gone through the town and reached their house, put on their best things, and went to call upon the Resident.

They stayed to lunch and dinner. Yesterday they came and watched the polo, and played

THE FRENCH MISSION

bridge in the evening. They ask all sorts of questions.

On the afternoon of the 25th we paid a visit to the big market; it was crowded, and people were so busy that they took absolutely no notice of us. There were over 500 donkeys for sale,



Captain Jacques M—, M. Jean M—, Boy (back view), in the uniforms they wore when I introduced them to G—, the Acting Resident

and everything else in proportion, and such a jabber that you could hear it a mile off. Sokoto houses are all as big as the English mud houses, square and high, with windows and gables, in big, high-walled compounds. I have been jabbering French like a native, as the Frenchmen don't talk English or Hausa, and I have to interpret here

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

for G——, who does not understand French; and the others, except M——e, don't talk the lingo either.

29th.—I am so busy now that I have no more time to write, so good-bye. My arm is quite better now.

X

TO THE FRONTIER AGAIN
AND BACK

TO THE FRONTIER AGAIN AND BACK

WURNU.

[*Saturday,*] 2nd Jan. '09.—I am afraid that I may miss the post this week, as I am on trek again, taking the Frenchmen back. They are going back by Sabon Birni, and it is a five days' march there, so I expect I shall be away ten days. I hear that elephants and lions abound in the districts I have to traverse, so I have borrowed a Martini-Henry carbine from one of my prison warders (my own being burnt), and also a shot gun from S——r. Our loads went off at twelve last night, and we started at 5.30. I have five of the Sarikin Mussulmi's men with me, all in extra glorious attire, as it is the Grand Sala¹ to-morrow. I have been out to dinner every night this week. V—— came back from Birni N'Kebbi yesterday; S——k has also come back. They are very busy making up all the returns for the year.

Wurnu is a fine big town of about 10,000 inhabitants. The Sariki, of course, rode out to meet us with all his men. It is three years

¹ A Mohammedan festival.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

since a white man has been seen in the place, and there is great excitement. The Sariki is a fine light-coloured Fulani, with a very interesting face. I am having all meals with the Frenchmen till they go. They ordered a lamb to-day for "chop" from the town, and insisted on putting a whole leg on my plate. Wurnu used to be the Versailles of Sokoto. All the office-holders and big-wigs of Sokoto had houses there; but, since the English have taken over the province, they have insisted on all office-holders and functionaries living permanently in the town in which they hold office, so that now there are many fine houses in Wurnu empty, and falling into ruins, among them being the palaces of the Sarikin Mussulmi, the Waziri, and the Mijin Dadi.

[GORANYU.]

3rd Jan. '09.—From Wurnu to-day we went to Goranyu, capital of the Goranyu district. The chief, as usual, rode out with about forty men. We are housed in a very fine rest-house. I forgot to say that I have not taken an interpreter with me this trip, and so far I have done very well without one. I have two mounted couriers from my office (one a Fulani), neither of whom understand a word of English, and five horsemen of the Sarikin Mussulmi who

My Cook house



Where I sleep



French Horse



French Cook house



The Younger Frenchman



My Boot



IN THE FIRST HOUSE COMPOUND AT GORANYU

TO FRONTIER AGAIN AND BACK

know this country. They all wear high top-boots well up to the tops of the thighs. The Frenchmen have lent me two camels for my loads, on which my boys ride also, so that I have only one carrier. I shall engage others at Sabon Birni for coming back.

The country so far is extraordinarily fertile, and has been cultivated all the way for the forty-five odd miles we have done so far, and cultivation extends for about thirty more miles ahead, I believe. The river Rima¹ runs through it, and on either side are cotton, corn, tobacco, bean, onion, ground-nut, indigo, or pumpkin fields. It is much more undulating than Godabawa, and full of largish towns. I "dashed" my couriers and the Sarikin Mussulmi's men the biggest ram I could get to-day, as it was the *Sala*. It cost me 3s. 6d. The lamb of yesterday cost 1s. 6d.

Goranyu is a big town at the foot of a hill, and chiefly inhabited by Fulanis, as are all the towns of the north here.

It is so cold that we have a fire all night; and till 11.30 A.M. it is as cold as an English February morning.

[DUBA.]

4th Jan.—We reached here, Duba, at about 9.30, starting at five, and trotting and galloping

¹ Another name for R. Gulbin Sokoto.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

all the way. I left my own horse at Goranyu in the Sariki's house in charge of Oudu, doki-boy, till I come back, as his fore-feet hoofs had been injured crossing the rocks. The Sariki gave me two to ride instead. The first was a fine-looking grey, but after going about a couple of miles I had to give it up, as he was only a two-year-old, and was absolutely tired out. I got on the horse of one of my couriers, as I had given the other horse of the Sariki to Captain M—— to ride.

The country was quite different as we neared Duba. Though all the way it had been under cultivation—cotton, indigo, tobacco, onions, and crops—yet now we entered a mountainous region. About a mile away there was a range of high hills on our right for about three-quarters of the way to Duba. We then entered bush.

Duba has only existed five years, *i.e.* since the English came and put an end to war; it has already about 150 inhabitants. It is on some land reclaimed from the bush. The District and Sub-district Headmen had put up a fine lot of straw houses for us. The District Head, the Sariki of Goranyu, escorted us for a mile outside his town, and every Village Head and Dan Galadima (Mayor) of the neighbouring villages met us on the way. The Sub-district Head met us about ten miles out from Duba, and accom-

TO FRONTIER AGAIN AND BACK

panied us in. To-morrow we shall spend the night at Angualali, in Sabon Birni country.

The camel drivers are all Tuareg slaves. They never wash, and have all the face veiled except the eyes, and it is said that they cannot recognise one another if they take off their veils.



ANGUALALI.

5th Jan.—Here I am at Angualali, and to-morrow we reach the last stage, Sabon Birni. The people in this town, and those we are now about to encounter, are no longer Hausas but “Gobirawa,” men of Gober.¹ Though their only language is the Hausa tongue, yet they are a distinctly different type, and look more like the coast men. This village is inhabited only by Gobirawa; they are great hunters, and the industries are hunting and agriculture; they catch all wild beasts with traps. There is a big stretch of bush forest between Duba and Angualali, in which lions and giraffe abound. I have bought the skin of a young giraffe, and a bit of the neck skin of another, and hope to send a parcel of skins and trinkets home soon.

There are no mud rest-houses here, only

¹ “The most northern of the old Hausa States . . . situated between Sokoto and the Sahara.”—*Mockler-Ferryman*.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

straw *rumpas*.¹ These *rumpas*, about six in number, were all erected especially for us.

The younger Frenchman cut a "voluntary" to-day, and one yesterday.

[SABON BIRNI.]

6th Jan.—As I have a bill of £30 to pay to the Niger Company, I have sold three of my horses for £19, 5s., the price I paid for them. I had therefore only one horse for this journey.

We reached Sabon Birni to-day, an important town about four miles from the frontier. The Sariki rode out about nine miles to meet me, with forty horsemen, four mounted trumpeters, and three drummers on horseback. They were all Gobirawa except a Hausa or two.

Sabon Birni means "new walls." The ride was all through thick forest. We met herds of camel, sheep, and oxen being driven along. I bought a fine-looking bay stallion here for £8; the owner had paid £13 for it in cowries, but was glad to get money.²

There was a big market on just outside the town, near our quarters, and it was full of

¹ *Rumpa*=booth, pl. *rumfuna*.

² English currency (silver only) and cowries are the money here, but as 1800 cowries go to 1s. (i.e. 450 to 3d.), and it takes 150 men to carry £100, our money is very popular.—*From another letter.*

TO FRONTIER AGAIN AND BACK

"Busai," a fierce-looking Tuareg¹ tribe from the French country, both horse and foot, all carrying long, thin, steel lances embossed with brass and copper.

ANGUALALI.

7th Jan. '09.—I saw the Frenchmen off at the frontier this morning, five miles from Sabon Birni, and then made my way back here, so doing an extra ten miles. The Sariki sent out his mounted band with me.

Very few of the people here have ever seen a white man; those who have go down on their knees and say "*Zaki*,"² and those that don't know are told what to do by my Sarikin Musulmi cavaliers.

The bush swarms with wild beasts, giraffes, elephants, lions, deer, &c., &c., but they all keep well clear of the paths, so I did not see anything. To-morrow I am going out deep into the bush on the chance of getting a shot at one of these numerous species with the borrowed military carbine. My Fulani courier, Isa, tells me that he was in an elephant hunt once, and the beast killed two men before it was done for. They then ate it, and it was very nice. The

¹ The Tuaregs are an important race of the Western Sahara, and their robber bands are a great source of danger to caravans and travellers. For further information about this interesting people, see *Sur le Niger et au pays des Tuaregs*: Hourst.

² Lion.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

natives here kill giraffes with spears and eat them ; they say they are very good eating.

I have run out of tobacco, and so am smoking the native-grown in whole leaves ; it is not at all bad. Tobacco is grown in quantities in every village in the province.

[DUBA.]

8th Jan.—I am now back at Duba. I tried to find lions on my way from Angualali here. I had a native guide, but I came across nothing more harmful than small deer and guinea-fowl.

The Sariki of Duba and all his followers are very handsome Fulanis.

All Fulanis and Hausas who consider themselves “bloods” stain their arms, legs, and feet with indigo, so they have a very dark blue sheen.

GORANYU.

9th Jan.—I am back at Goranyu feeling quite tired. I got up at two this morning, but we did not start till five o'clock. I did a lot of work on the road, going into towns and villages that had never seen a white man before, and finding out the number of compounds, married men, weavers, dyers, smiths, horses, mares, &c.

This is a portrait of a Hausa with a very poorly decorated *riga* of light blue stuff and



TO FRONTIER AGAIN AND BACK

green cotton embroidery. The embroidery usually reaches all down the right side to the bottom. Note the long sleeves which, when thrown back over the shoulder, show the bare arm, and usually a dark blue *rīga* underneath. The trousers are white, with red, blue, and green embroidery, with red and black embroidered stripes round the bottom. The turban is blue, and, being small, shows that the man is not a great "blood." Note the top of the native cap under the turban cloth.

The noise stallions make when they fight is terrific; they roar like a lion, and whistle like a steam-engine, and shriek like a woman. I have had several loose ones among my horses on trek, which have wandered from the villages, and woken me up at night.¹ They invariably start fighting if they are not mounted and are close to one another. At Angualali I was woken up four times by loose horses fighting mine.

10th Jan.—I am back here at Wurnu. We started late, at about 6 A.M., and did not get here till one o'clock. At every town the chiefs came out with full strength of horses,²

¹ Horses are not found wild. They are all bred.—*From another letter.*

² Many of the towns had never been entered by white men, and yet all the horsemen rode out to meet me for about ten miles. . . . After galloping up to you at full speed they rein up a

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

even the smallest village producing ten at least, and Lima about 150, while the Sarikin Wurnu, who came out with his band eight miles to meet me, had over 850 horsemen. After my business interview I showed him several drawings, and "dashed" him one. I have "dashed" all eight of my mounted Sarikin Mussulmi men a portrait of themselves on horseback. I shall send you duplicates later. I am too tired to draw any more at present. When I entered the town here with the band, all the women welcomed me in the extraordinary Hausa fashion of putting two fingers into their mouths and shrieking their loudest. My mounted orderlies were much amused by drawings of an English cart-horse, Newfoundland dog, labourer, groom, footman, "Buttons," and servant girl I showed them. They all said that the Buttons looked the smartest.

I eat here like ten pigs. When we were at Wurnu on our way out, at one meal I ate a whole leg of mutton, and the next day all the ribs on one side. My ordinary meal, taken three times a day, consists of soup, fish (or if no fish is obtainable, two pigeons or four eggs), a guinea-fowl (or eight ribs of sheep or an ox hump),

few yards from your horse's nose, dismount, and all flop down together, where they stay till you tell them to get up.—*From another letter.*



KAIDOQUA
Head doki boy on trek



IUSUI U BÖGÖBERI
(i.e. Man of Gobei) 3rd doki boy



DAN KANO
A carrier with a peculiar fa

TO FRONTIER AGAIN AND BACK

beans and rice, and a rice milk pudding. I am feeling very fit, and my boys say I “pass all white men here for strong.” I am not putting on any flesh or losing any up to date, but remain *in statu quo*, except that my face is red. On the march I grew mutton-chop whiskers, but shaved them off at Angualali on the way back. My Hausa name—all white men are known to the blacks by nicknames (they can’t pronounce the English ones)—is *Mailafia*, which means “possessor of good health and cheery disposition.” Eh! what?

SOKOTO.

12th Jan.—Yesterday we left Wurnu at 2 A.M., and got back here at ten o’clock, in time to catch this week’s post to-morrow. It was very cold on the march, and I used to have a fire in my bedroom from six o’clock at night till I started in the morning. Even in the daytime it was not very warm.

On arriving here I found plenty of work awaiting me, and had to receive and count at once £400 worth of general tax, which the Sarikis of Dogon Daji and Kilgori, and the Waziri (Grand Vizier) had sent in for their districts.

I hear a new man is coming out here called H——n; he will be here in February. There

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

is a tremendous amount of work to do at present with all the annual returns.

I found letters dated 26th and 27th November awaiting me here when I got back. There was nothing to pay for portorage on the films or on the tobacco which I received by the same post. As my camera is burnt I shall use the films in S——r's camera, which is of the same genus as the late lamented. Please have each photograph developed separately, as they are all taken in different lights.

Everybody here of course knows that I am a Jew, and I have told those who did not.

As for the cook's wife, I think I told you in a previous letter that she got a divorce as soon as she reached here, and is now the wife of B——e's boy. I sacked the cook after the fire, and my second boy Alu has been promoted to cook. At the present moment I have moved out of my house into S——k's next door, and am living with him; while B——e, who has just come in from tour, and will be going out assessing again in a few days, has moved into my house, as his is being re-roofed.

I have received your letters regularly every week so far, but I could not catch the post last week as I was sent off to Sabon Birni at a moment's notice.

M——e, who came out with me, has had

TO FRONTIER AGAIN AND BACK

malaria twice already, once in Zungeru and once here, and S——r, who came out with me, has



Mail-runner

also had it once, on the road from Zungeru here. A new small-mesh mosquito net would oblige,

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

as mine, the one I bought of the late E. J. Stanley, is of such big mesh that it will let in the sand-flies and mosquitoes on the way down home, though it is sufficient for this country.

*I see your takarda. I look um, I fit read um. It no make palaver plenty much—I go ready make answer one time. Chop live for table, so I say pass chop.*¹

The mail has just come in—newspapers and *Strand Magazine*. Newspapers of 4th December, but *no letters*. I expect my letters often miss the English mail at Zungeru. The runners here catch the mail if they do the journey from Sokoto to Zungeru in thirteen days. As a rule they take fourteen to sixteen days going down, and only eight days coming up, as they are in a hurry to get home.

¹ I look for your letter—I find it, I can read it. It does not tell me much news. I begin to answer it at once. There is plenty of food on the table, so I say pass some more.

XI

IN THE WARS

IN THE WARS

Sokoto,

Sunday, 17th January 1909.—Nothing very exciting has happened this week so far. Yesterday I was working from 6.30 in the morning till five in the afternoon with returns, court cases, prisoners, and counting over £500 of tribute brought in chiefly in threepenny pieces. I contemplate sending a parcel home this week, consisting of a piece of skin from a giraffe's neck to be cured properly and mounted as a mat or something, a native pair of slippers, a native pair of spurs, &c. &c. This afternoon at about 4.30 we rode out five miles to shoot duck; four of us brought down twenty-one. My arm is now quite better, and, bar pink designs or rather maps of the horse's upper and lower jaws, there is no sign left. Yesterday a man was sent in by the Marafa of Godabawa for being in possession of fire-arms, nobody being allowed to possess them in N. N. The arm proved to be an old blunderbuss, over a hundred and fifty years old.

The bush and cattle Fulani here carry long steel spears all embossed with brass and copper.

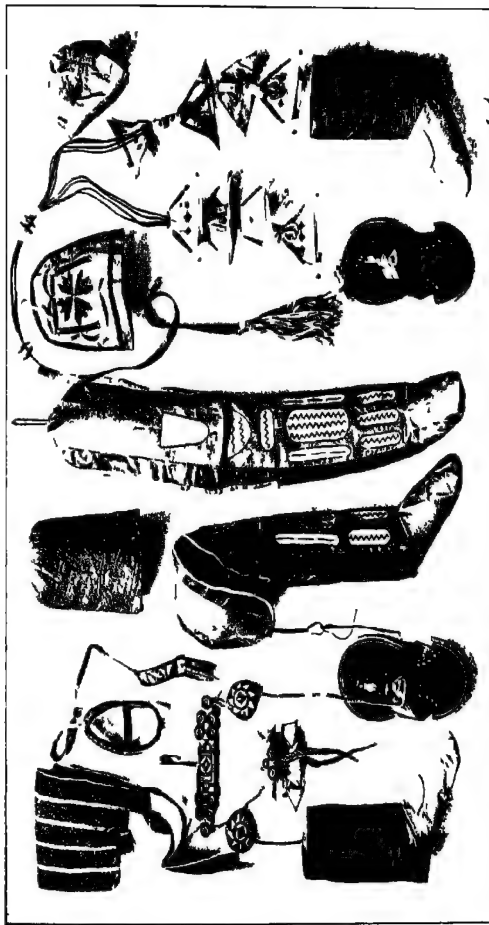
LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

The Hausas and Fulanis, unlike Nupes, Yorubas, and Coast boys, have very small feet. Some of their slippers look very fine. The natives here do not know the value of gold, and it is said that you could buy as many gold sovereigns for as many sixpences from any Hausa. Indeed, *zinaria*, the Hausa word for gold, is of foreign origin, supposed to be derived from the Latin *denarius*.

I have not yet described the town properly, as it is so difficult to do so, but I shall attempt to later. I hope the helmets will arrive before the hot season, as mine, *i.e.* the one given me, is all bashed in on top and no protection. I also hope that my letters have been reaching you regularly every week. I have only missed one mail from here, and that was when I was away at Sabon Birni. How I can have filled a whole page of foolscap with nothing beats me, but it evidently shows that I must be getting on.

19th Jan.—I went into the market to-day and invested in a lot of leather worked goods, which I am sending home in two parcels. I do hope you will get them. They ought to create a great sensation.

In the market I also bought a horse for £7; he is very fast. In two months here I have bought six different horses, all blacks except



Woman's Head-dress.

Spurs.

Gobeinawa Cap.

Reins

Young Man's Cap

Horse Head-ornament

Riding-boots

Pommet Cover

IN THE WARS

one, which is a bay. I have sold three, and have now only one left of the original four I bought.

I have not stayed up as late as this, bar three times, since I left the boat. It is nearly 10.15 in the evening. I have been getting those d—— parcels ready.

Please give my love to everybody, and tell them that my thoughts often wander home-wards, and I wonder if those I am thinking of are thinking of me. Does not that sound pathetic? At times I can't believe I live among the most inky blacks on the earth. Some parts of the neighbourhood are so like England, that it comes quite as a shock to see a black face. I believe I shall get quite poetical if I go on in this strain, so I shall get back to news and *aikī* (work). M——m, who is to take V——'s place as Resident, V——'s tour having expired, has already arrived at Zungeru.

I hear the yelping of a pariah dog and the "miau" of a bush cat, which, mingled with the snores of Oudu, my boy, form the most perfect musical harmony to be obtained within five hundred miles of Sokoto, which does not say much. And now I feel so tired that I must bring this epistle to a conclusion.

Later.—Here is a list and description of the

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

contents of the parcels I am sending home this week :—

1. One pair of long Hausa riding-boots, scarlet, yellow, and sky-blue leather, with black leather zigzag stitching, for —.

2. One pair of yellow leather Hausa sandals for —, ornamented with black leather, blue paint, and red leather toe-attachments.

3. One purse for —, of violet leather, with sky-blue, red, and yellow leather ornamentation.

4. One box for —, red body, blue and yellow lid, tin bead ornamentation, various leather tassels. Be careful how you open it; loosen leather string over top tassel.

5. One pommel-cover for —, worked on yellow leather, with red, green, and blue cotton, and tin beads, with a red leather back.

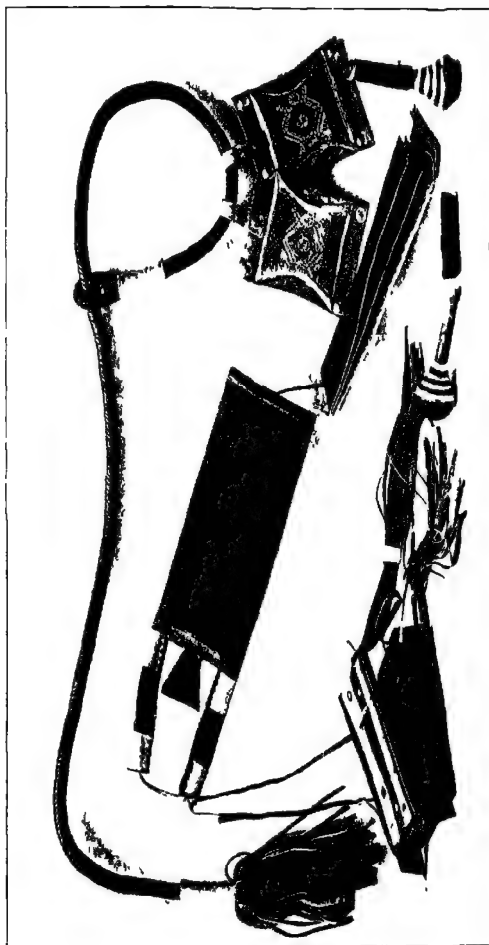
6. A short pair of boots for —, red leather with yellow insteps, inset with sky-blue.

7. A pair of spurs for —, and a pair for myself, to tie round toe or boot, variegated colours and rich ornamentation.

8. A horse necklace of black leather with coloured leather tassel, and two native-worked brass and tin plates for —.

9. A set of native reins for myself, richly ornamented and coloured, with a tassel at the end.

10. A most particularly and richly-ornamented



Horse Necklace
11

IN THE WARS

and curious horse head-ornament for —, in sky-blue, black, yellow, and red leather with tin blobs.

11. A Goberawa cap, dyed indigo, for —, of native cloth.

12. A woman's head-dress of native cloth for —, crimson with white stripes.

13. A young man's cap for —, worn turned up in front, made of red and blue cloth.

14. Two small native bottles covered with goat hair, for —.¹

Please hold an exhibition of the things before you send them out.

I am dog-tired, and this letter is written after the conclusion of the last. It is now 10.30. "My hat," how late! and Oudu boy, who sleeps in this room to watch over the money, is snoring like a steam-engine. I sleep on the verandah outside, but under cover.

"*Mijin Dadi ya gasheka*," i.e. "The Emir's favourite slave comes to salute you."

"*ka kwana lafia?* *lafia lau.*

enna gidda? *lafia lau.*

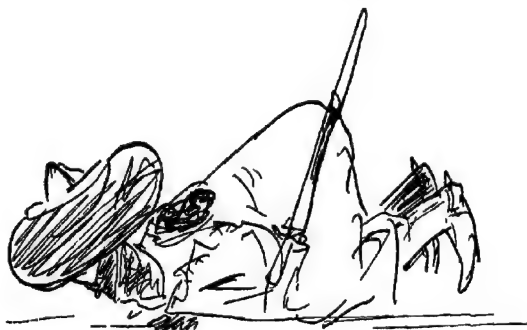
enna labari? *babu labari sai lafia.*"²

¹ "For holding antimony powder used to paint eyelids and eyebrows."—*C. H. Robinson.*

² Have you slept well? Quite well.
How is your household? Quite well.
What is the news? No news, all well.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

I suppose you would like to know what this is that he is saying to you. You must wait for the next letter to find out. *To dekau*,¹ as we say out here ; if you won't learn Hausa, I really



can't take the trouble to translate everything for you. *ka ji? taffi gidda kwana yanzu. kadda ka tashi hal. gari ya waye ya zo. ka ji? to. sai wota rana—sauka lafia.*² *tararaboomdyai!*

SOKOTO.

[*Sunday*], 24th January 1909.—I received your letters dated 18th December yesterday, but the letters of December 4th, which perhaps, as I have not received them, contained copies of the Onitsha photographs, have not yet arrived ; nor

¹ All right.

² Do you understand? Go into the house and sleep at once. Don't get up until the day dawns. Do you understand? All right! Farewell. May you dismount safely.

IN THE WARS

have I received any parcels at all up to date. The post now leaves here on Saturdays instead of Wednesdays. . . .

The people here are not practised liars like Eastern natives, so you can ask a straight question and get a straight answer.

We transact most of our business through the Sarikin Mussulmi, the nominal ruler of the province. His head slave comes up every day for orders. Slavery still exists here, but all born after 1903 are free. The slaves as a rule are tremendous swells and very well off, and have free men for their own servants. They can buy their freedom if they like for £5, but most prefer to remain in powerful and honourable servitude, so there are very few emancipations except of woman slaves for marriage. And now for the *mauvaise bouche*. I am writing all this in bed. On Friday 22nd, two days ago, I was accidentally wounded by a shot which went clean through the left knee-joint. The bullet entered my left leg on the inside, one and a half inches above the knee-cap (I was wearing high native-made riding-boots at the time), and going right through the knee-joint, came out about three inches below the knee-cap on the outside. It did not bleed much, scarcely at all. I did not lose consciousness. A tourniquet was put on almost at once, and it was not long before

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

the doctor came. At first he thought it was very serious indeed, and that it might possibly be necessary to saw off the leg above the knee; but on closer examination he found that, though the bullet had gone clean through the joint, I could yet move my foot, so that I would not be worse off than having a permanently stiff knee. Later on I discovered I could still move the knee. I have had a very lucky "let off," as the doctor says he would previously have called any one a liar who told him that a man could be shot right through the knee-joint, and yet not have a stiff knee, or be lamed for life. He cannot trace the course of the bullet, nor can I, but I don't think it can have severely injured the bone.

26th.—My leg is much better now. I can waggle the foot about with the greatest of ease, and can bend the knee slightly, and straighten it out in a very slow, heavy, clumsy sort of way. I am sitting up in bed. Both holes are of course plugged. The exit hole is healing very well, and has only about half an inch of plugging in it; the entry hole is still big, and you could stick your finger into it. Doctor is delighted with progress. He visits me four times a day, and dresses it twice. My pulse and temperature have been normal all the time, except the first day, and I have been taking ten

IN THE WARS

grains of quinine a day to keep off fever, which usually takes advantage of these occasions.

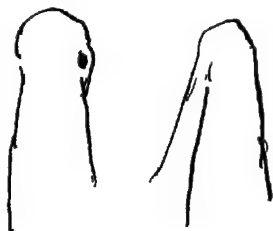
27th.—I am ever so much better to-day, and have moved out on crutches, and am sitting outside the house with my leg up, only five days after the event. The doctor says he never saw or heard anything like it. Everybody has been awfully good to me. I have got V——'s bed and curtain, as my bed is much too small, and half broken. The natives are all very attentive, inquiring after me, or coming in themselves and saying "*Allah shi kara sauki*," "May God increase your health," to which the reply is "*amin*." It rained here this morning—unheard of for January. The exit hole has nearly healed, and has hardly any plugging to speak of. The entry hole is now only plugged up for an inch.

28th.—I am feeling very fit. I have been watching the Sarikin Mussulmi pay a state visit to V——. He has just ridden up with his band, and a hundred and fifty horsemen. I am writing this outside the house in my arm-chair, with my leg on a box. I can just hobble about on crutches, but my knee has a buzzy feeling when I do.

29th Jan.—It is now a week since I have been laid up. The doctor decided to-day to let the bullet exit hole heal up without a plug,

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

as it was getting on so well, and had only about one-third of an inch to heal up in depth. The entrance hole is also much less deep, only about half an inch or three-quarters now. My knee is still of course very swollen. Looking down



from above it appears like this as compared with the other.

I am feeling very fit, and am in no pain.

I have had to take over the administration of the estate of the late E. J. Stanley.

M——m, who is to succeed V——, has left Zungeru for here.

Branch-boats have been abolished, and all Elder Dempster liners are going to put in at Burutu. I can't think of any more news, and I cannot get about to see things at present. The telegraph line here has been interrupted for two days. I have heard nothing yet about any compensation for my things that were burnt in the fire.¹ I have about £25,000 of revenue

¹ The claim was settled in due course.

IN THE WARS

to see to when I am better, so I must hurry up.

Love to all, and don't worry!

P.S.—Please post out by return an elementary English spelling and reading book for my boy Joe.

XII

LAST WEEKS OF WORK

LAST WEEKS OF WORK

SOKOTO.

[*Thursday,*] *4th Feb.* '09.—Last Monday morning the missing letters from Dec. 4th came in. I received the photos all right, and I hope the others will come out, as they are very interesting. A whole Sokoto mail-bag had been sent to Kano and Katsena by some stupid fool of a black sorting-clerk at Zungeru. Letters and papers of Dec. 25th have arrived, but it will be at least three weeks before we get another mail, as no telegram has arrived as yet about one having started from Zungeru.

I never travel armed on principle, except when I am on the hunt.

This morning we had a regular Harmattan, and the cold wind was very refreshing. I heard last mail from Hibbert, who has gone to Keffi Nassarawa. His letter was dated Nov. 9th, and only reached here on February 1st. He is going to be stationed in a place where there is only one other white man.

I suppose you are rather anxious to hear how my leg has got on. The plugging is out of

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

both holes now, and the doctor is letting them heal up naturally. It will be a fortnight to-morrow since it happened. The bullet was an expanding bullet, but luckily it forgot to expand. I hobbled down on crutches to the club last Monday; the crutches, being about six inches too short, are not very comfortable. I have been down to the club every evening since. I can't get my leg out quite straight yet, or walk without crutches, and the doctor thinks it will be some time before I can straighten it again, if I shall ever be able to. Not having probed the wound, we don't know the course of the bullet, but both the doctor and I, from the feel, think it must have passed between the patella and the knee. R——, who was shot in the same place, lost all use of his knee, and had it permanently stiff. The knee is still swollen a bit, but the swelling has gone down tremendously.

I engaged a new cook's mate to-day, a very good-looking Fulani called Abdu, in place of a runaway slave from Birnin Kebbi, who was reclaimed by his master, and so had to be sent back.

To recapitulate my household, it now consists of—

So, <i>alias</i> Joe, <i>alias</i> }	Ejau race	17 years	Head boy.
Opheltiqua . . }			
Alu	Yoruba boy	15 „	Cook.
Oudu	Hausa boy	18 „	Second boy.

LAST WEEKS OF WORK

Abdu.	Fulani boy	17 years	Cook's mate.
Kaidoqua	Hausa man	25 "	Head doki-boy.
Oudu	" "	19 "	Second " "
Jusufu Bogoberi.	Gober man	22 "	Third " "
Oudu Ohardo . .	Nupe	40 "	Messenger.
Isa	Fulani	25 "	"
Tanko	Hausa	50 "	"
Mallam Kano . .	"	40 "	"
Hassan Ibi. . .	"	35 "	"

The ordinary boys wear long or short white trousers, vests, and coats.

Oudu, doki-boy, is very dressy; and when not



Oudu—mai-doki¹



*Jusufu Bogoberi. Note cut of
Hausa vest—two holes
below sleeve-hole*

at work, favours a high, embroidered hat, a dark blue indigo *riga*, and long Hausa trousers.

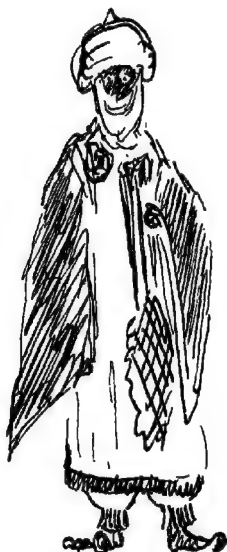
¹ Horse-boy.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

The other doki-boys favour shorts or long trousers, and Kaidoqua wears a straw hat sometimes, and Jusufu a cap.



Kaidoqua



Isa. Messengers are all very dressy men.

Note the hair, all shaved except pigtail, in which money is tied, a fashion much favoured by doki-boys and soldiers. The straw hats are always too big, and come right down over head and eyes.

LAST WEEKS OF WORK

SOKOTO.

[*Tuesday,*] 9th Feb. '09.—I am much better now. There are scabs on both bullet holes. I discarded crutches two days ago, and now walk with one or two sticks as I think fit. My knee, I am afraid, has not gone quite straight yet, but the doctor thinks it may by the end of the month. I am going to try riding to-day, which ought to be much less effort than walking. I have been doing regular work for the past week. It was an awful feeling at first, being a helpless cripple in a strange land, till I could do something for myself.

I feel as fit as a fiddle, and though before I had not lost a pound of flesh, I have lost a lot in the past fortnight.

My legs and face have become quite thin, but I hope to put it on again when I can take regular exercise. My appetite has not suffered at all.

M——m is expected in to-day.

As my only trousers are short Hausa ones, it is a good thing that there are no mosquitoes here at present, or my bare knees would get it hot in the evenings.

I am trying to pick up a few words of Fulani, though it is not very widely spoken, and all Fulanis understand Hausa.

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

I enclose a pencil sketch of the suburbs of Wurnu which I drew from the walls in the evening, on my way back from Sabon Birni.

11th Feb.—I went out riding yesterday and to-day. I can ride and gallop all right, and enjoyed it very much. The Sarikin Mussulmi sent me two fine strong sticks to walk with, and nearly all the big slaves called or sent kind messages.

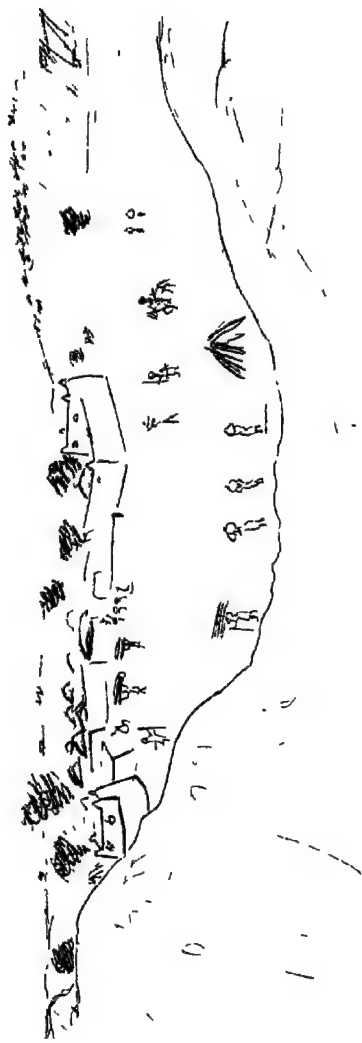
To-day I promoted Abdu, the Fulani boy, to second boy, and reduced Oudu, second boy, to cook's mate again, as he was so stupid and awkward.

This broke Oudu boy's heart, and he asked leave to return to his native country, *i.e.* Kano. I willingly granted it, as he was beginning to get on my nerves.

A new Assistant Resident is expected here in three or four days' time.

My boy So, *alias* Joe, *alias* Opheltiqua, described an angel the other day as "that god-palaver beast that live for up."

I had a melon to-day, which was very nice. I also tried a new joint, the big muscle on the hind thigh of an ox—it is not at all bad. It is impossible to get English joints here, and before I had limited myself to hump of beef, and leg, shoulder, or rib of mutton. Ripe green bananas are very plentiful, but they are much



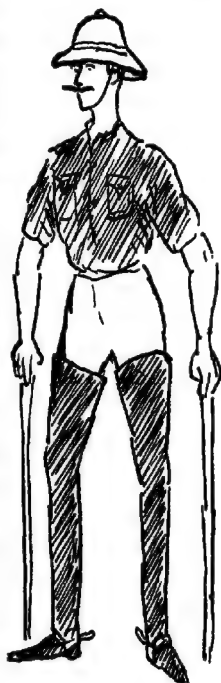
Sketch of houses outside the walls of Wunu from the town wall Man carrying wood, and women water in the foreground.
 Mud houses and compound walls Entrance gate to town on left hidden by wall.

LAST WEEKS OF WORK

more stodgy and sickly than the kind obtainable in England. Bananas, tomatoes, and melons are the only fruits I have come across so far, besides dried dates. Vegetables usually obtainable are onions, spring onions, spinach, and sweet potatoes. Yams, which are very nice, are not grown in this district.

This is the kind of costume I go about in; a bush shirt, an old battered sun helmet, Hausa khaki shorts, and long native-made boots. For riding I pull them up high over the trousers. For walking, or when it is hot, I turn them down at the top, and fold them up again like a cavalier boot.

13th Feb.—I have been riding as much as possible, and walking as little as possible lately. I was galloping about yesterday hitting a polo ball, but the doctor would not allow me to play in the game, lest I should get my knee knocked. I can't quite straighten my knee yet when I



LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

walk, and it still feels weak if I put weight upon it.



Oudu

M——m has come, and is very nice. He has promised to “dash” me a pair of riding-breeches, which is very good of him.

Thinking it was going to be hot, I slept outside my house last night, but about twelve o'clock it turned so cold that I wished I had not.

I have sacked the house-boy, Oudu, as he got on my nerves with his blank-looking face. He shaved his head, or anyhow part of it, like all Hausas and Fulanis do. He used to stand in this position at table, and was so long and thin that he began to make me feel quite annoyed; and his legs

were just like sticks, especially the right one, which had a guinea-worm in it. Please note the tuft.

LAST WEEKS OF WORK

I have got in his place a bush or nomad Fulani boy of about sixteen from Shuni, where he helped his people to look after the cattle of the Sariki, wandering from Shuni, near Sokoto, right up to Kano, and all over the country in search of pasture.

As you see, his features, like all pure bush Fulanis, are quite European—thin lips, small eyes, and straight hair. Besides, he has decent-sized limbs and muscles, is very strong, and his skin is chestnut-brown instead of being black.

These two portraits are most particularly like the originals.

All bush Fulani boys wear a pigtail till about thirty, or till they can raise a beard, which comes about that age. They then shave quite clean and grow a beard instead. About the ages sixteen to eighteen they have to undergo



Abdu

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

sheria.¹ They are stripped to the waist, and all the men flog them with sticks on back, chest, and stomach, for an hour or so. If they can stand it, they are considered fit to marry; if not, they have to go away. Many run off to avoid it.

• Abdu, the new boy, though he had never seen a lamp before, or slept in anything but a temporary straw hut, has already picked up in four days as much as Oudu learnt in two months.

S——k goes out assessing in the Bakura bush on Tuesday. I shall have H——n to help me when he arrives. I have no more news, so *au revoir*.

SOKOTO.

[*Thursday*,] 18th Feb.—I received the parcel of boots, toys, and plum-pudding last Sunday by post. All the toys were injured except the two mice, motor car, two pierrots, and the jumping man. I expect some dusky customs clerk had his finger in the pie. There was 2s. customs to pay and 2s. 9d. portorage. Thanks very much for it. The pudding was much appreciated, and soon consumed by S——k, H——n, and myself. I am afraid, however, these things are too stodgy for this climate. Another post came in the same week with letters written in

¹ Judgment.

LAST WEEKS OF WORK

answer to mine about the fire. Please thank everybody very much for their kind promises of relief. I have been in the wars again, I am afraid. Two days ago I got an attack of tonsillitis, and can only swallow with difficulty. I have had nothing but liquids for the past two days.

S——k has gone into the bush assessing, and taken the interpreter. It is a great compliment to me and my Hausa to be left in charge of the provincial office with no interpreter. V—— goes off to-morrow to Birnin Kebbi, and “handed over” to M——m to-day. A new A.R., H——n, a Cambridge man of twenty-four, has just arrived. I am trying to teach him a little, but I don’t feel fit enough at present.

Thanks very much for effecting the insurance. The house has one room, is about 30 feet by 20 feet, and about 18 feet high. The walls are of mud and sand, 2 feet thick at the top, and 2 feet 6 inches thick at the base; the roof is made of wood, on which is a thatch of straw; and a straw-thatched verandah all round.

19th Feb.—No fires inside the house. A small cook-house of mud with straw and wood roof 30 yards behind—only lamps in house. Can’t write any more, am feeling too rotten—hard at work all morning—can’t swallow anything

LETTERS FROM NIGERIA

hard. Hope to be better next week—tonsils as big as castles.

The illness alluded to in the last letter proved to be diphtheria, which is almost unknown in Northern Nigeria, and its origin in this instance could not be traced.

Martin Kisch died on February 24th, 1909, and these letters are printed in his memory.

APPENDIX I

HISTORICAL NOTES

HISTORICAL NOTES¹

THE development of Nigeria during the last thirty years offers an example of empire-building which has no parallel in recent British history. From the small beginnings of private trading enterprises, started on the Niger Delta and gradually extending along the valley of the Lower Niger, a territory equal in area to Germany and the British Isles has been added to the possessions of the Empire. That this result has been obtained without the aid of white troops, with little fighting and small expenditure, is not the least wonderful part of the story.

A British protectorate was proclaimed in Southern Nigeria in 1885, but Northern Nigeria was not taken over by the Government until 1900. The latter formed part of the Western Soudan, and is the only portion of the interior of West Africa that Great Britain has secured in the European scramble. The acquisition was almost entirely due to private enterprise,

¹ The information given in these notes is largely taken from "British Nigeria," by Colonel Mockler-Ferryman; "A Tropical Dependency," by Lady Lugard; and the Colonial Reports.

NORTHERN NIGERIA

and to the foresight and energy of one man in particular, Sir George Taubman Goldie, the founder of the Royal Niger Company. Men who were inclined to consider this dependency a burden, or regard it with indifference, are gradually becoming convinced of its value and of the great future that lies before it. As Lord Crewe remarked in a recent speech, "There is no part of the Empire about which higher hopes may properly be entertained than the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria."

The contrast between Northern and Southern Nigeria strikes the traveller very forcibly as he journeys up from the coast. "Commencing with what is termed the Niger Delta," says Colonel Mockler-Ferryman, "we have a land of swamps and impenetrable forests, intersected by a vast network of streams and creeks, and inhabited by numerous pagan tribes addicted to every species of vile custom, including even cannibalism and human sacrifice. . . . Above this pagan land, *i.e.* at the confluence [of the rivers Niger and Benue] there is a marked change, not only in the type of the people, but also in the nature of the country. Moham-medan influence commences to show itself, and low swampy wastes are superseded by rocky hills and far-extending grassy plains, well studded with magnificent trees."

THE ARABIAN INVASION

There is every reason to suppose that the Niger countries have been inhabited by man from remote ages, but no monuments survive to reveal their ancient history. The countries south of the Sahara were unknown to the Greeks except through native travellers,¹ and although during the Roman occupation of North Africa several expeditions were sent across the desert as far as the Upper Niger, no accounts of them have been preserved. The earliest reliable information about the countries of the Western Soudan is to be found in the records of Arab historians and travellers.

The Arabs conquered Egypt about the year 640, and spread rapidly along the shore of the Mediterranean, driving out the Spanish Vandal settlers who had succeeded the Romans. Pushing their conquests to the northern edge of the Sahara, and into the desert itself, they imposed their religion, their system of government, their learning, and their methods of commerce and agriculture on the Berber inhabitants. Some of

¹ Herodotus, writing about 450 B.C., describes the journey of some young Nasamonians who set out to explore the deserts of Libya. Leaving the inhabited region, they travelled through the wild-beast track, then crossed the desert from east to west, and eventually arrived at a fertile plain, where they were carried off by some dwarfs. "They were led across extensive marshes, and finally came to a town where all the men were of the height of their conductors and black-complexioned. A great river flowed by the town, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles."—*Euterpe* (Canon Rawlinson's translation).

SPREAD OF MOHAMMEDANISM

the Berber tribes became thoroughly assimilated to the Arabs, while others fled before the conquerors to the southern borders of the desert, where they came into contact with the native negro races.¹ Sometimes the Berbers ousted the blacks and drove them further south, sometimes held them in subjection, or, again, dwelt peacefully in their neighbourhood, actually paying tribute to some powerful black sovereign.

During the tenth and eleventh centuries Mohammedanism continued to penetrate the Sahara, and trading intercourse was established by the Arabs with the indigenous black populations. By the end of the fourteenth century the religion of the Crescent had been passed on by ardent Berber and Arab preachers to the ruling negro families. At the same time a considerable amount of fusion between Berber and black had taken place through intermarriage.

The countries the early Arab writers knew best lie to the west of what is British territory to-day, but they make a few passing references to the regions now forming Northern Nigeria, viz. the Hausa States, Bornu, and the Pagan States. For instance, El Bekri, an historian writing in

¹ "The true negro is hardly to be found amongst the races of the northern inland belt—the cast of face, even when jet black in colour, being frequently European in form, with the high nose, thin lips, and deep-set eyes characteristic still of the Arab of the Mediterranean coast."—*Lady Lugard*.

IBN BATUTA VISITS MELLE

1067, mentions that to the east of the important pagan kingdom of Ghana,¹ about which he has much to say, came a great kingdom, the sovereigns of which all bore the title Du, and beyond that Kanem, a country of idolaters. The great kingdom was Bornu, the names of whose early kings began with Du, as was discovered in a chronicle by the explorer Dr. Barth.

In 1352 an Arab traveller, Ibn Batuta, quoted by Lady Lugard, made a wonderful journey from Fez into the Western Soudan to visit the Mohammedan kingdom of Melle, which had risen on the ruins of Ghana. He struck the Niger where Segu now is, and, describing the course of the river from this point, makes an interesting reference to Nupe, one of the oldest of the Pagan States of Northern Nigeria. “. . . The river then flows down from Muri to Nupe, one of the most important countries of the Soudan, whose sovereign is among the greatest kings of the country. No white man² enters Nupe, because the blacks would kill him before he arrived there.” Ibn Batuta accepted the theory that the Benue was a continuation of the Niger, which, below Nupe, turned eastward to join the Nile.

¹ Ghana is identified with the fourteenth century Aiwalaṭin and the present Walata.

² Meaning Arab.

THE EMPIRE OF SONGHAY

The supremacy of Melle lasted till the middle of the fourteenth century, when Songhay, a subject kingdom of ancient origin, asserted its independence. From this time Songhay steadily increased in power, and formed a great empire in the Western Soudan, which lasted through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and was only broken up by the Moors after their expulsion from Spain.

While Melle and Songhay were building up their power the Hausa States and Bornu were also rising to prominence. The Hausa States form the most important part of Northern Nigeria, and Hausa civilisation is old, perhaps older than that of Songhay, but the sources of information available do not throw much light on its past. Such native records as may have existed have all disappeared with the exception of a few chronicles,¹ and even they do not go very far back. In the last century a history of the states, from Arabic documents, was compiled by Sultan Bello, the Fulani conqueror of Hausaland, but in his desire to obliterate all traces of the greatness of the defeated he allowed the originals to be destroyed.

It is not known how long the Hausa race has

¹ A chronicle of the kings of Bornu found by Dr. Barth, a chronicle of the kings of Kano obtained by the Niger Company, part of the history of Zaria discovered by Dr. Robinson, and a history of Katsena.

ORIGIN OF HAUSA STATES

been established in the Soudan, or whence their civilisation is derived. The Hausa language appears to be older than Arabic, and has been classed in the Hamitic group of languages together with Coptic and Berber.¹ The script, for which Arabic characters are used, is only about a century old. The weight of opinion favours the theory that the Hausas come of a mixed stock, not wholly indigenous. Certain facts point to an early connection with Egypt. The pagan Hausa religion, for instance, contained a goddess-worship similar to that of Astarte,² once prevalent in the Nile valley; and it has been proved that there was trade communication between Egypt and Carthage, and also between Carthage and the Niger by the great eastern caravan route from Tripoli through the Fezzan. The fifteenth century historian, Macrizi, speaks of an important African expedition which reached Borgu, undertaken by the Pharaoh of the time of Joseph. There is also a legend, which possibly has some foundation in fact, that the name Hausa is derived from Housâl, an ancient Egyptian king.

According to the Hausa tradition Biram, the father state, married Diggera, a Berber settle-

¹ See Robinson, "Hausaland," p. 175; and Robinson and Burdon, "Hausa Grammar," Introduction.

² The Egyptian Aphrodite.

INDUSTRIES OF THE HAUSAS

ment, and they had six children, Zaria, Katsena, Kano, Rano, Gober, and Daura. Later, seven other states, in which Hausa was not the original language, were added to the family. They were Zanfara, Kebbi, Guari, Yauri, Nupe, Yoruba, and Kororofa, popularly called the bastard states. A good many of these names survive in provinces or towns of Northern Nigeria, while a few have disappeared. In historic times there is no trace of political unity among the states; indeed the chronicles show them in a condition of constant warfare and rivalry. Nevertheless some common bond seems to have held the race together, and the Hausa has persisted and even flourished, although his country has been the battle-ground of other nations, and he himself has often submitted to a foreign yoke.

The Hausas are an industrious people; they are agriculturists, spinners, weavers, dyers,¹ saddlers, metal-workers, potters, builders, hunters, and above all traders. The black trader from Hausaland was already familiar to the Arabs of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and he is to be found to-day on the West Coast, on the Mediterranean, and on the Nile,

¹ A great part of the morocco leather of commerce is prepared and dyed in Kano, whence it is transported by caravan to Morocco.

KANO THE LEADING STATE

while his language has become the language of commerce of the Western Soudan.

The more intellectual of the Hausas accepted Mohammedanism from the Berbers, and the masses were converted by the Fulani early in the nineteenth century. Paganism, even of the lowest type, still has its adherents in Northern Nigeria, but for the most part it is of a higher order than the fetish-worship of the Coast, and does not include human sacrifice or cannibalism among its practices.

Of the Hausa States, Zaria and Kano seem to have risen to prominence at an early date. The record of the kings of Kano goes back to about the tenth century, and the early reigns reflect the struggle between Mohammedanism and Paganism, while it appears that Zaria had conquered the non-Hausa provinces of the south, and obtained control over the country down to the confluence of the Niger and Benue, raiding the highlands of Bauchi for slaves. By the fourteenth century Kano, having conquered Zaria, and all of what is now the southern part of Northern Nigeria, had become the most important state of Hausaland, and at the same time was engaged in a constant struggle against the encroachments of the independent kingdom of Bornu, her eastern neighbour. The prosperity of Kano was at its height in the first half of the

KANO SUBDUED BY SONGHAY

fifteenth century, when it was a flourishing centre of trade under the strong rule of Mohammed Rimpa. After his death it was worsted by Zaria and Katsena, and was conquered by the King of Bornu, who deposed the king, and set up one of his slaves in his place. The defeated king's son, however, soon regained the throne, and Kano once again became independent and flourishing, victorious in petty wars with the other states, and successful in repulsing Bornu. This second period of prosperity brings the history of Kano up to the time of its conquest by Songhay in 1512, when Askia the Great conquered Borgu, a pagan kingdom now partly in British, partly in French territory, and then undertook a campaign against the Hausa States.¹ Here for the first time Songhay appears in contact with Hausaland as the conqueror of the important States of Katsena, Zaria, Zanfara, Kano, and Gober. A description of Kano a few years after its submission to Songhay is to be found in the writings of the Arab, Hassan el Wasas, better known as Leo Africanus, who visited Hausaland and Timbuctoo the capital of Songhay, in 1526. "The inhabitants," he says, "are rich merchants and most civil people.

¹ This is related in an Arabic history, the *Tarikh-es-Soudan*, a work by several authors begun early in the seventeenth century, and recently translated into French by M. Houdas. It deals fully with the history of Songhay from the fifteenth century.

NORTHERN NIGERIAN PAGANS

Their king was in times past of great puissance, and had mighty troops at his command, but he hath since been constrained to pay tribute to the kings of Zaria and Katsena. Afterwards Askia, the King of Timbuctoo, feigning friendship with the two aforesaid kings, treacherously slew them both, and then waged war against the King of Kano, whom after a long siege he took, and compelled him to marry one of his daughters, restoring him again to his kingdom, conditionally that he should pay to him the third part of all his tribute." ¹

Katsena, when conquered by Askia in 1513, had acquired a great reputation as a centre of culture and learning, a reputation which the town of Katsena maintains to the present day. Although Katsena was of later origin than Kano, the passage quoted above shows that it had attained considerable power.

Gober and Zanfara, which complete the list of states conquered by Askia, had not so far taken any prominent part in the history of Hausaland.

Concerning the history of the pagan races of Northern Nigeria still less is known, although their independence seems to date a long way back. Ibn Batuta's reference to the importance of Nupe in the first half of the fourteenth cen-

¹ Quoted by Lady Lugard.

THE KINGDOM OF BORNU

ture has already been given, and the inhabitants early became famous for the arts of smelting, weaving, and dyeing. The people of Yoruba claim for themselves descent from the Canaanites of the tribe of Nimrod. As the language of these states becomes better known more material will perhaps be obtained towards their history.

To the east of Hausaland, and now included in Northern Nigeria, lies Bornu, once an extensive independent kingdom. The Bornuese are of Berber descent, and differ in language and physiognomy from the Hausas. According to El Bekri, the power of Bornu in the eleventh century extended over the Hausa States up to the Niger. Kanem, now in French territory, was the original centre of the empire, but in the thirteenth century Bornu surrendered it to a northern tribe, which had kept her continually at war, and extended her dominions further south over what is now the important province of Yola. It is believed that Bornu received Mohammedanism through Egypt in the eleventh century. Arabs of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries write that the kingdom extended to the borders of the Songhay Empire, implying the inclusion of the Hausa States. During the sixteenth century there was great rivalry between Songhay and Bornu for supremacy in Hausaland, but

THE MOORISH CONQUEST

by the end of the century the suzerainty of Bornu was acknowledged by all the states.

The empire of Songhay, which hitherto had met no serious opposition except from Bornu, received its death-blow through the Moorish invasion. The Moors, having been thrown back on North Africa by their expulsion from Spain, found themselves harried, by Christian and Turk alike, to the north-west corner of Africa. Here, cut off from all intercourse with their intellectual equals, their civilisation rapidly decayed. At the close of the sixteenth century, in a last effort of energy, they attempted the conquest of the Soudan, and in 1591 engaged in a fierce struggle with the Songhay Empire. With their superior arms they carried all before them, and the Songhays were everywhere defeated, until at last the invaders found their match in the independent ruler of Kebbi, a state on the north-western border of Hausaland which had revolted from Songhay.

The defeat of Songhay was the signal for rebellion and lawlessness to break out, and the Moors were not capable of establishing any organised government. Their armies became demoralised, the officers quarrelled, the troops no longer obeyed, but deserted and engaged in petty tyranny and brigandage. Ruin and devastation followed for the population of Songhay,

REVIVAL OF HAUSA STATES

and it was entirely due to Kebbi, whose example was followed by Kontagora, Borgu, and Zaria, that Hausaland was preserved from a similar fate.

Thus it happened that the Hausa States and Bornu were practically unaffected by the advent of the Moors, and were able to continue their trade with Tripoli and Egypt by the eastern caravan route. But Kano, once the dominating state of Hausaland, lost its prestige through a succession of incompetent rulers, and during the seventeenth century suffered frequent defeat and invasion. As the power of Kano declined, Katsena, already noted for its learning, became the leading state, and, although it paid tribute to Bornu, was virtually independent. Its commerce was increased by the downfall of Songhay, as it received some portion of that empire's trade. It was in Katsena that the excellent Hausa system of law was developed, which was adopted by the Fulani after their conquest of Hausaland. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century Katsena found a formidable rival in the pagan state of Gober, but succeeded in resisting conquest. During this time the power of Kano partly revived, largely owing to its natural wealth, and it became again the richest and busiest market of Hausaland.

The individual life of the Hausa States was

RISE OF THE FULANI

suddenly checked at the outset of the nineteenth century by the remarkable development within their borders of the Fulani, a pastoral race of unknown origin.¹ The Fulani may have come from India by way of Egypt.² Within Africa their movement has been from west to east. The *Turikh*³ tells how they were originally in the neighbourhood of the Senegal. In the ninth century a Fulani settlement existed at Masina, a town on the Niger between Jenne and Timbuctoo. One of their tribes was ruled by Ghana at the time at which El Bekri writes. In the reign of a Kano king named Yakoub (*circa* 1402-1422) mention is made of their immigration into Hausaland, and it is stated that land was allotted to them in Kano and Zaria. The Fulani appear to have been converted to Mohammedanism by the Berbers before the thirteenth century. They gradually spread through Hausaland, where they lived in scattered communities, paying tribute to the various states, yet retaining their independence, while individual Fulani were to be found everywhere as teachers and men of letters. Under the Songhay Empire some of the Fulani of Katsena rallied to the revolted state of Kebbi,

¹ For description see Letters, pp. 43, 102, 171, and illustrations.

² See "A Tropical Dependency," chap. xl.; also "Éthnologie des Pheuls," Joseph de Crozals.

³ See note on p. 186.

SOKOTO EMPIRE FOUNDED

and helped to found the present frontier town of Birnin Kebbi.¹ At the time of the Moorish conquest the Fulani of Masina were a rising power, and gradually founded an empire, although they were fiercely opposed by the Tuaregs, a desert race with whom they were constantly at war.

The Fulani did not interfere in Hausaland until the nineteenth century. Reference has already been made to the apparently sudden rise to power of Gober, and in this state a good many Fulani seem to have concentrated. About the year 1802 the pagan King of Gober, viewing with uneasiness the proselytising efforts of Othman, a Fulah priest, ordered him to cease preaching to the people. This only served to increase Othman's religious fervour, and he gathered all his supporters together, calling on them to fight for the true religion. At first the Mohammedans met with strong resistance, but they soon gained ground as the scattered Fulani rallied from all sides to the cry of "Allah is Great!" In a few years Kano, Katsena, Zaria, Zanfara, and Bauchi were conquered, and soon the whole of Hausaland was forced to acknowledge the supremacy of the new power. Only the kingdom of Bornu was strong enough to dispute some of the Fulani conquests. Moham-

¹ See Letters, p. 112.

SULTAN BELLO

medanism was generally imposed on the conquered states. The capital of the new empire was established at Sokoto, and here Othman died in 1816, and was succeeded by his son, Mohammed Bello.

Bello's accession was the signal for many of the states, under the lead of Gober, Zanzfara, and Nupe, to revolt against Fulani rule, but they were defeated in a series of expeditions. Bello was also successful in a great battle with the Sultan of Bornu in 1826. Peace with Bornu was concluded, and during the remainder of Bello's reign the sovereignty of the Sokoto Empire was practically unquestioned.

Bello was a great ruler. He adopted the Hausa systems of law and taxation, which he found in existence, and divided the whole country into provinces administered by Fulani emirs and subordinate officers. The Hausa States, united for the first time into one empire, all paid tribute to Sokoto, and, according to Fulah accounts, the country prospered exceedingly.

On the deaths of Sultan Bello, and of his strong opponent in Bornu, followed a period of civil wars. Bornu was invaded from the north. In both countries the pagans sought to make good their independence, and the deposed Hausa chiefs in the Sokoto Empire tried to cast

PORTUGUESE DISCOVERIES

off the rule of the Fulani. The country suffered from devastation, dislocation of trade, and, above all, slave raiding. Bello's successors were weak, cruel, and self-indulgent; the people were oppressed by extortionate taxation and petty despotism, and the system of justice degenerated. The Mohammedans no longer attempted to convert the pagans of the south, but merely raided them for slaves, and the state of the country when it came under British rule was truly deplorable.

It was not till the nineteenth century, when the Fulani Empire was already established, that the countries of the Western Soudan were discovered by Europeans. Shut off from the north by the vast wastes of the Sahara, and from the south by a broad belt of impassable jungle, they had, since the decadence of the Moors, lost all touch with foreign civilisations. From the middle of the fifteenth century the discoveries of the Portuguese had brought Europeans to the West Coast, but, owing to the barbarity of the natives, they did not penetrate far inland. The Portuguese explored as far east as the swamps of the Niger Delta, and laid the foundations of the over-sea slave trade, which was only finally abandoned in the nineteenth century. The traders and slave-dealers who visited the Niger Delta did not explore its unhealthy creeks, and

THE QUEST OF THE NIGER

had no idea that it was the mouth of a great river, nor did their experience of the natives of the coast lead them to suspect the existence of civilised races in the interior. As time went on, to satisfy the increasing demand for slaves, the native chiefs were obliged to send further and further north, and their agents brought back tales of a mighty river, of Arabs, and of cities roofed with gold. Attracted by these legends, several adventurers started for the interior from the Gambia, but none of their enterprises were successful. It was not until 1788 that the real exploration of the Niger countries began, when the African Association, headed by the President of the Royal Society, was formed for this purpose.

Under these auspices, attempts were made to reach the river from Egypt (1788), Tripoli (1789), Gambia (1791), and Sierra Leone (1794). Ledyard, who was to start from Egypt, died at Cairo; the Tripoli and Sierra Leone expeditions were forced back at an early stage by hostile natives; and Major Houghton, who started eastwards from Gambia, was never heard of again.

In spite of these failures, the Association determined to pursue its object, and in 1795 engaged the services of a young Scotchman, Mungo Park, destined to be the first European

PARK DISCOVERS THE NIGER

to set eyes on the waters of the Niger. Park started from the Gambia with only two native servants as an escort, and, after most terrible hardships, succeeded in reaching the Niger at Segu. He attempted to follow it to Timbuctoo, but he met with such brutal treatment from the natives that he was compelled to retrace his steps, and he returned to Europe in 1797. But Park had set his heart on discovering the mouth of the Niger, and was eager to return to the work, so in 1804 he gladly accepted an offer from the Government to take charge of another expedition to West Africa. The party consisted of Park and his brother-in-law who was a doctor, a draughtsman, four mechanics, and some European soldiers from Goree Island, making over forty in all. Their object was to establish friendly relations with the river tribes, and to ascertain the course of the Niger. Park's intention was to follow the road to Bamaku by which he had returned from his former expedition. He found progress very slow with such a large party, but their ranks were soon thinned by sickness and death, and when they reached Bamaku only six of the original number were alive. In spite of this awful experience, Park remained steadfast to his purpose, and set to work to build a canoe in which to follow the course of the Niger. Before embarking he sent

THREE EXPEDITIONS FAIL

the letters and journals of his expedition to the coast, in the keeping of his guide Isaaco. Meanwhile Park's brother-in-law had died, and, of the four companions who set out with him in his canoe, three were helpless with illness and the other mad, while he himself was weakened by dysentery. These were the circumstances in which Park started off to find the mouth of the Niger or perish in the attempt. He got safely past Timbuctoo and round the bend of the river to Bussa, where he and his party met their death in the rapids.¹

The heavy loss of life entailed by this expedition deterred any attempts at exploration for a few years, but in 1810 the African Association sent out Hornemann from Tripoli. He crossed the desert and actually reached Nupe, but died there of dysentery, and his papers were lost.

The problem of the Niger mouth still awaited solution. Park had believed that the river eventually joined the Congo, and in 1816 the Government, favouring this theory, sent out two small parties simultaneously. One was to start from the Congo and the other from the Gambia, and they were to meet in the interior. Both of these expeditions were failures, and the two

¹ In spite of all possible investigation it has never been ascertained exactly how Park died, whether he was shot, whether he jumped into the river to escape from the natives, or whether his canoe capsized.

TO SOKOTO FROM TRIPOLI

leaders lost their lives, while an expedition sent to relieve the Gambia party was equally unfortunate.

The next attempt to reach the interior was the Government expedition of 1821, under Dr. Oudney, Lieutenant Clapperton, R.N., and Major Denham, who were the first to penetrate into the heart of the Fulah Empire. They started from Tripoli, and their intention was to follow the caravan route to Lake Chad. Traveling *via* Murzuk, where they were delayed a whole year, they at last reached Kuka, the capital of Bornu. The Sultan was very friendly to them, and Denham, who remained some time in Bornu, was allowed to accompany the Sultan's troops on various expeditions and slave-raids, thus learning a great deal about the country and the people. Meanwhile Clapperton and Oudney pushed on to Kano, but before their arrival Oudney died of consumption. From Kano Clapperton, now accompanied only by Hillman, an English carpenter, made his way to Sokoto, where he was courteously received by the famous Sultan Bello. The two arrived back at Kuka in July 1824, having traversed the breadth of Northern Nigeria. During their absence, Denham and two men, who had been sent out to his relief from Tripoli, had explored the country south and east of Lake Chad. One of the two

TO SOKOTO FROM THE SOUTH

died; the other, Tyrwhitt, was left as British Consul at Kuka, while Clapperton, Denham, and Hillman returned to England, where they arrived after nearly four years' absence, having made one of the most wonderful journeys on record.

Encouraged by the results of this expedition, the Government decided to follow it up by another. In a letter which Clapperton brought back with him, Sultan Bello had shown himself willing to admit British trade, to abandon slave-dealing, and to instal a couple of British consuls in his dominions. He had also promised to send an escort to the Bight of Benin on a certain date, to bring a party of Englishmen to his capital: so Clapperton was put in charge of another official expedition sent to explore the country round Sokoto. He took with him three other Englishmen and his personal servant Lander. On their arrival at Whydah they were greatly disappointed at not finding the promised escort, nevertheless Clapperton decided to make at once for Sokoto, and started from Badagry through Yoruba. Before reaching Oyo (capital of Yoruba) two members of the party had succumbed, and the others were ill, but they pressed on, and in April 1826 reached Bussa in Borgu. Then turning eastward they marched through Nupe

CLAPPERTON'S DEATH

and Zaria to Kano, which they entered about two years after Clapperton's first visit. War was now in progress between the Sultan of Sokoto and the King of Bornu, and trade in consequence at a standstill. After a short stay in Kano the expedition turned towards Sokoto, and in October came upon Bello, who was attacking the capital of Gober with an army of 60,000. Clapperton wished to proceed from Sokoto to Bornu, but Bello put all sorts of obstacles in his way, so he stayed on at Sokoto, and there fell ill and died. Lander, having buried his master, set out again for the coast, and arrived eventually back at Badagry, the *starting-point* of the expedition.

Fruitful as Clapperton's two expeditions had been, they had not contributed to the better knowledge of the Niger. In 1826 Major Laing contrived to reach Timbuctoo after a venture-some journey across the desert from Tripoli, but he was murdered by robbers on his way back.

The Government were not unnaturally disheartened at the result of their efforts to open up the interior of West Africa, but finally yielded in 1829 to the earnest entreaty of Richard Lander, Clapperton's faithful servant, to help him and his brother to continue the quest for the mouth of the Niger. The Landers started again from Badagry, following the same

THE NIGER MOUTH FOUND

route as Richard had taken with Clapperton three years previously, and reached Bussa in safety. Here they were fortunate in obtaining the good graces of the king of the country, who gave them two canoes and native paddlers, and they set out down the river. As they descended they had several thrilling encounters with the natives, but were not molested. After passing the confluence with the Benue, they were astonished to find themselves going due south, and finally they reached the coast. The mouth of the Niger was found, and the son of a humble Cornish shopkeeper had solved one of the greatest geographical problems of the world.

Lander's enthusiastic account of the country aroused the interest of a Liverpool merchant, M'Gregor Laird, and he determined to organise an expedition for trading purposes. He started from England in 1832, accompanied by Richard Lander and a party of forty-five Europeans, in two vessels. They explored the creeks of the Niger Delta, and went up the Niger as far as Raba, and up the Benue to Funda; but the expedition suffered heavy losses through malaria, and returned after two years, having done no trading, and with their numbers reduced to nine.

The fate of Laird's expedition discouraged

THE EXPEDITION OF 1841

English traders from visiting the Niger, but the exploration of the mouths was continued by Beecroft, Superintendent of Fernando Po, and he succeeded in establishing British prestige in the Oil Rivers.¹ As a result of his reports of slave-dealing among the natives, a great expedition was fitted out in 1841 by private subscription and by a Government grant, for the purpose of opening the country to legitimate commerce and of abolishing the traffic in slaves. No expense was spared to make it a success. It was equipped with three steamers, R.N. officers, doctors, missionaries, and scientists—145 Europeans in all and 133 natives. Unfortunately the Niger was reached at a bad time of year, and the health of the party suffered terribly in consequence. A few treaties were made with the natives, and a model farm established near the confluence of the Niger and Benue, which proved a miserable failure. When the expedition returned, after more than a year's absence, it had accomplished nothing; a third of the Europeans had died, and £80,000 had been wasted. "For some time after this," writes Colonel Mockler-Ferryman, "the Niger was absolutely tabooed; its name was mentioned only in whispers, and the British public re-

¹ A name given to the delta creeks because palm oil was the chief export.

RICHARDSON AND BARTH

garded it as an unlucky, pestilential spot, out which no good could ever come."

When, after a lapse of nine years, a party was finally sent out, the Niger was avoided, and Tripoli was again selected as a starting-point. This expedition, consisting of three men, Richardson, Overweg, and Barth, made great progress in the exploration of Northern Nigeria. They were directed to follow Clapperton's first route, and to make treaties with the native rulers. From Tripoli they journeyed to Murzuk, and from there across the desert to Aïr¹ and Tagelel. At the latter place the three separated, disguising themselves as Arabs, and planning to meet again at Kuka, the capital of Bornu. Barth and Overweg fulfilled their intention; Richardson died a couple of months after leaving Tagelel. Barth and Overweg had gone together to Tessawa, where Barth struck south to Katsena and Kano, and so on to Kuka. Overweg meanwhile had gone westwards to Sokoto, where he found the Fulani still at war with the pagans of Gober, as on Clapperton's second visit. From Sokoto he made his way through Zinder to Kuka. Here, after a short stay together, Barth left Overweg to explore Lake Chad, and himself went south to Adamawa. Three weeks' journey brought him to the Benue,

¹ Aïr or Asben, a Tuareg kingdom.

BARTH'S JOURNALS

and to Yola the capital of Adamawa; but as he came from Bornu he was viewed with great suspicion by the Sultan, and was soon compelled to leave. He returned, weak with fever, to Kuka, and with Overweg explored Kanem and Baghirmi, north-east and south-east of the great lake. In 1852 Overweg succumbed to malaria. As an antidote to his grief, Barth decided to undertake a perilous journey westwards to Timbuctoo. Taking with him eight native servants, he travelled *via* Zinder and Katsena to Sokoto, where he made a commercial treaty with the Sultan.¹ From Sokoto he proceeded to Gando and Say, and thence on to Timbuctoo, where he stayed some months. On retracing his steps to Kuka *via* Sokoto and Kano, he found a small relief party awaiting him, and arrived back in England in 1855.

Barth had not only explored a vast stretch of country, but his knowledge of Arabic, and his successful learning of Hausa, his understanding of the natives, and the thoroughness of his inquiries, make his journals of surpassing interest and value.

While Barth was still in the Soudan, Laird, nothing daunted, continued to push his project of opening up the Niger to trade, and founded the African Steamship Company to

¹ Alihu, son of Sultan Bello (1837-1855).

TRADE INTEREST

maintain monthly communication with the ports on the coast as far as Fernando Po. In 1854 a new Niger expedition was sent out through the co-operation of Laird and the Government, in a specially-built ship, the *Pleiad*. Its object was to explore the Benue, of which Barth had reported the discovery in Adamawa, to relieve Barth, and to trade with the natives. This expedition is distinguished for having spent four months in the Niger regions without loss of life. Although it failed to reach Barth, upwards of 250 miles of the Benue were explored and charted, about £2000 worth of native produce was obtained in exchange for English goods, and new information was gathered about the people and the country.

Laird was so much encouraged by the results of the *Pleiad* expedition, that he set to work with renewed energy. The authorities were not at all disposed to help him, but he persevered; and at last the Admiralty entered into a five years' contract with him, by which, in return for a small subsidy, he agreed to keep a steamer on the Niger, "and to convey up and down the river, and to and from Fernando Po, any passenger whom the Government might name."¹ The first steamer was sent out in 1857, and,

¹ Mockler-Ferryman.

STEAMERS ON THE NIGER

having established three trading stations on the Lower Niger, had almost reached Jebba, when it was wrecked. The next year Laird sent out two more steamers, and, requiring more capital, attempted to form a joint-stock company. The shares were not taken up, and Laird, bound by his contract, was obliged to continue single-handed. Laird died just when his hard-won enterprise was meeting with success. "The death of this great pioneer," says Colonel Mockler-Ferryman, "marked an epoch in the progress of commerce with Central Africa, such as the death of Mungo Park had marked in the progress of discovery. He was a man whose mind was for ever steadily fixed on the future. He overlooked all obstacles which patience and renewed effort could remove, and had he been spared to continue his work, he would no doubt have surmounted every difficulty and taken a foremost place on the roll of the makers of the British Empire." As a result of Laird's death, the trading stations were closed for a time, after another visit by one of his steamers and a gunboat.

In 1860 Lokoja was founded on the site of the ill-fated model farm of 1841 by Dr. Baikie, who had led the *Pleiad* expedition, and who had been appointed Consular Agent at the confluence. Consular agents were maintained at

THE TRADERS UNITE

Lokoja till 1868, and the river was patrolled at intervals by gunboats. From then till 1900 the river was practically in the hands of traders.

In the year 1879 the rival trading companies agreed to unite as the United Africa Company. The organiser of the amalgamation was Mr. Goldie Taubman (now Sir George Taubman Goldie), who was interested in African exploration, and had visited the Niger in 1877. The Company became very powerful, and in 1884 was able to buy out two French firms which had appeared on the river, and established a number of trading stations. In the same year the Government instructed the Consul of the Oil Rivers to make treaties with the chiefs of the Niger districts, and in 1885 a British Protectorate was proclaimed over the Oil Rivers.¹

The Africa Company had made numerous treaties with the petty chiefs of the lower river, and, although it was not at the time practicable to start trading operations with the northern states, it was of the utmost importance for the future of British enterprise that Britain, and not France or Germany, should obtain prior rights

¹ The Protectorate covered "the line of coast between the British Protectorate of Lagos and the right or western bank of the mouth of the Rio del Rey; and also the territories on both banks of the Niger from its confluence with the river Benue at Lokoja to the sea, as well as the territories on both banks of the river Benue from the confluence up to and including Ibi,"—*Mackler-Ferryman*.

THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY

in the interior. This the Company were quick to realise, and sent out several missions to secure treaties with the Mohammedan States of the Sokoto Empire.¹ In view, however, of the advances towards the interior of both France and Germany, it became impossible to maintain such treaties without political sanction, and this was conferred on the Company by the grant of a Royal Charter in 1886.

By the charter the Royal Niger Company became the representative of the British Government, with the right to make political treaties, and to levy customs to meet the expenses of administration, but no monopoly of trade was granted. The charter further involved the obligation to keep the treaty territories in order, to protect them, gradually to abolish slavery, and to respect as far as possible the native customs. At the time of the granting of the charter the Company's territories "extended from the Forcados river to the Nun mouth of the Niger. It possessed treaty rights over both banks of the Lower Niger, with its affluents and branches; over the whole of the Sokoto and Gando empires; and over all the various independent pagan countries on the Benue, up to a distance by water of almost 1000 miles from the sea."²

¹ Mr. Joseph Thomson negotiated the first treaty of the Company with Sokoto in 1884.

² Mockler-Ferryman.

THE COMPANY'S GOVERNMENT

The Company's position, as far as trade was concerned, was already well established, and in its new capacity of Governor, it turned at once to the task of providing an efficient administration. This it accomplished very thoroughly, raising immediately a force of Hausa constabulary and native police, appointing executive officers and agents, and establishing a High Court with a Chief Justice at headquarters. It was only to be expected that the natives would show resentment at the restraint put upon them by the Company, and particularly at interference with some of their barbarous practices. More serious than this was the situation created several times by the intrusion of foreign adventurers, who increased the difficulties of government, and who required very tactful handling.

In 1886 and 1893 agreements had been made with Germany to define the eastern boundary of the Company's territory, and in 1890 with France, to settle the northern boundary. The western boundary was still undetermined; but France was advancing north and east from Dahomey, and naturally desired outlets on the Niger for her trade. At the same time it was of vital importance to British interests to secure both banks of the river, and so prevent a diversion of a large portion of the Company's trade

RIVALRY WITH FRANCE

to French channels. The Company had already made a treaty with the chief of Bussa, the reputed ruler of Borgu, but the French claimed that the chief of Nikki was his superior, and in 1894 matters resolved themselves into a desperate race for Nikki between a French officer and the Company's representative, Captain (now Colonel Sir Frederick) Lugard. Starting from Europe four days later than the Frenchman, Captain Lugard won the race by six days, and so the western bank of the Middle Niger was definitely secured to Britain.

Towards the end of 1896 the Company found itself forced to undertake a most important and hazardous campaign against the *Emir of Nupe*, who had been flouting its authority, interfering with trade, oppressing the pagans, and indulging in open slave-raiding. The Company was staking its prestige, even its very existence, on the issue. If the Emir could incite his powerful Mohammedan neighbours to war against the infidels, they would defeat the Company, and force it to evacuate two-thirds of its territories; on the other hand, the moral effect of victory over so powerful a chief would be immense, and would result in great commercial advantages. Sir George Goldie resolved to take the risks, and his courage was rewarded by success.

A large part of the Emir's army was known

CAMPAIGN AGAINST NUPE

to be in Southern Nupe, and the only chance of victory lay in preventing it from rejoining the main body, and in engaging the two divisions separately. This strategy necessitated the splitting up of the small British force—a bold move, which was justified by its ultimate success. The crowning achievement of the expedition was the capture of Bida, the capital of Nupe, when the British force, consisting of about 550 Hausa constabulary and 32 white men, was matched against 30,000 Fulahs.

Before returning, Sir George Goldie wished to settle some boundary questions with the Emir of Ilorin.

He took with him a small body of troops as he felt somewhat doubtful of his reception, and meeting with strong resistance near the Oyo river, opened fire, drove the enemy back on Ilorin, shelled the town, and occupied it. The *Times*, in summing up the results of this campaign, said: "Sir George Goldie, by whose efforts the territory was in the first instance secured for this country, has shown himself able to keep it, not only by diplomacy, but also in the field. Its development will henceforth become a recognised object of national interest."¹

Meanwhile the trade of the Company was

¹ Quoted by Colonel Mockler-Ferryman.

SUCCESSFUL TRADING

prospering remarkably. It was paying a dividend averaging $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and year by year opening new factories and discovering new products. On the initiative of Sir George Goldie, the Company put a heavy duty on imported spirits, and absolutely prohibited their introduction north of Lokoja. So far, however, trade was limited to the river districts near the stations or factories, and the vast inland resources of the country remained untapped; but as long ago as 1889 the Governor of the Company had said: "We can hardly impress too strongly on our shareholders that our hopes of future prosperity rest far less on the lower regions of the Niger . . . than upon the higher and inner, and recently explored regions."

Although Nupe had been conquered, the Company had not found it practicable to occupy Bida, and the deposed Emir kept the northern part of the state in a condition of perpetual unrest and revolt. Indeed, immediately after the Bida campaign the attention of the Company was fully occupied in securing its sphere of influence from foreign encroachments. Although the Niger had been declared an international waterway, it was useless to France unless she could secure a port below the Bussa rapids; and, in spite of the English treaty with Nikki, the French made several attempts to recover

THE CHARTER REVOKED

what they had lost. It was found necessary to protect British territory, and in 1897 the Government entrusted to Captain Lugard the organisation of the West African Frontier Force, for which the already existing Hausa constabulary formed excellent material.

The formation of this force under British officers indicated that sooner or later the Government would assume direct control of the Company's territories. The dread of further international complications led to this step being taken earlier than expected, and in 1899 the Government decided to revoke the Company's charter, and to add its territories to the colonies and dependencies of the Empire. This action in no way reflected on the administration of the Company, which, on the surrender of the charter, was re-formed, and still continues to be the principal trader of Nigeria.

The two Protectorates of Northern and Southern Nigeria were created on January 1st, 1900. Southern Nigeria was made up of the Niger Coast Protectorate,¹ hitherto under consular jurisdiction, and some 40,000 square miles of the Delta, and was augmented in 1906 by the addition of the colony of Lagos. The bulk of the Company's territories, about 300,000²

¹ Formerly the Oil Rivers Protectorate.

² Now reduced by various treaties to 250,000 square miles.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

square miles, went to form Northern Nigeria. This included all the countries with which the Company had made treaties, but the Protectorate was virtually limited to the territory commanded by the Company's trading stations on the Niger and Benue, *i.e.* to the southern provinces of Kabba, Ilorin, and Borgu. The ancient Hausa States, and the rest of the country conquered by the Fulani, still owed allegiance in various degrees to the Sultan of Sokoto, but his authority had steadily declined since the days of Othman and Bello, and his provincial Emirs had become independent and cruel tyrants, detested alike by Hausas and pagans.

The task of initiating a system of administration in Northern Nigeria was entrusted to Sir Frederick Lugard, the first High Commissioner, who made Lokoja and later Jebba his headquarters. The pagan tribes of the south seemed, on the whole, friendly to the new order of things, and it was from their Fulani rulers that trouble might be expected. The Emirs of the provinces of Kontagora and Nupe almost immediately showed their hostility, and raided for slaves right down to the Niger banks, laying waste the country far and wide. In July 1900 they planned to attack the small British garrison at Wushishi on the Kaduna River.¹ They were brilliantly

¹ An important tributary of the Niger.

ORGANISATION

checkmated in a series of skirmishes, but it was impossible to deal with them as they deserved, as the bulk of the Frontier Force was at this time fighting in Ashantee.

Meanwhile, the work of organisation was proceeding. A judicial system was instituted providing British Supreme and Provincial Courts, Magistrates' Courts, and Native Courts. Treasury, Marine, Medical, Legal, and Public Works Departments were formed; and provision was made for dealing with liberated slaves.

On the return of the troops in December the Emirs of Kontagora and Nupe were completely overthrown, while their people welcomed the British with joyful demonstrations. An immediate result of the conquest of these two important provinces was that others signified their willingness to accept British Residents. It was made clear that the British had no intention of interfering with Fulani rule, but that they would not tolerate slave-raiding, and intended to put a stop to corruption, extortion by terrorism, and inhuman punishment. By the end of the financial year 1900-1 Kontagora, Nupe, Zaria, Nassarawa, and Muri had been effectively occupied, in addition to the three original provinces—Borgu, Ilorin, and Kabba. The trade routes to Kano and Zaria were reopened, while the Niger Company established new stations

BAUCHI AND YOLA SUBDUED

on the Kaduna. Indeed, the development of Northern Nigeria had been so rapid that it was necessary to increase the imperial grant-in-aid for 1901-2, especially as a conflict with the northern Fulani could not now be long deferred.

The protection which the new rule gave to the pagans along the Benue in the provinces of Muri and Nassarawa soon roused the antagonism of the neighbouring Emirs of Bauchi and Yola, and in September 1901 the defiance of the Emir of Yola made interference imperative. He was importing slaves from German territory, and sending them north; he was raiding the pagans of Bauchi, and had ordered the Niger Company to quit the river in spite of their treaty rights. An expedition was sent against him under Colonel Morland; his capital was taken with little loss of life, and a new Emir was appointed under British control.

Affairs in the north-east of the Protectorate next claimed attention. The Company had made no treaties with Bornu, but by international agreement a large portion of this ancient kingdom was held to be in the British sphere of influence. It was reported that the French had violated British territory in Bornu in their pursuit of the army of the marauding chief Rabbeh, who had usurped the throne of Bornu in 1898, and that they had exacted large sums of money

OCCUPATION OF BORNU

from the people. After preliminary inquiries it was decided to occupy Bornu, and in February 1902 an expedition was sent out for that purpose. On its way to Bornu the expedition passed through Bauchi, a notorious centre of the slave-trade, and the Emir fled before its approach. Leaving a Resident at Bauchi, the column continued its route towards Lake Chad, unopposed except for the attack of a wandering fanatic or Mullah. The collection of French tribute was stopped, and the lawful Sultan of Bornu, whom the French were keeping as a hostage, was restored : a garrison was left in Bornu, and a joint commission of English, French, and German representatives was appointed to settle the frontier question.

Trouble was not yet over with the provinces already occupied. In the summer of 1902 it was necessary to send a small force to Nassarawa, against a Fulani town which had become a regular nest of brigands who robbed and murdered traders ; while at Keffi, the chief town of this province, slave-raiding was carried on by the Emir's commander-in-chief, the Magaji, in spite of the presence of a British Resident. After making all possible remonstrances, the Resident ordered the troops out, but was murdered by the Magaji before they arrived. The murderer and his party fled to Zaria, where they were

SOKOTO'S DEFIANCE

pursued, and then to Kano, which had not yet come under British influence. In Zaria, where the Emir professed friendship, there was also a Resident, but slave-raiding continued, and finally the Emir was arrested on suspicion of intriguing against British authority, and his principal officer was set up in his place.

The new administration was now established in the south, after very little fighting, but it had not yet come into contact with the northern provinces, the stronghold of Fulani power. Under the new conditions the Fulani rulers of the southern Emirates held their authority solely from Great Britain; their appointment *had not even been ratified by the Sultan of Sokoto*, the recognised religious and political head of the country. The High Commissioner had done his utmost to conciliate Sokoto, but the message announcing the establishment of British administration in 1900 had not been answered, nor had the Sultan responded to an invitation to nominate a successor to the deposed Emir of Kontagora. About May 1902 the following letter was received from Sokoto:

“From us to you. I do not consent that any one from you should ever dwell with us. I will never agree with you. I will have nothing ever to do with you. Between us and you there are no dealings, except as between Mohammedans

THE MARCH ON KANO

and Unbelievers—War, as God Almighty has enjoined on us. There is no power or strength save in God on high. This with salutations.”¹ If Britain was to maintain her position, which depended not on force but on prestige, a conflict with Sokoto was now inevitable. Kano, where the Keffi murderer had been received with honour, was preparing to support Sokoto, and all Hausaland was waiting for the approaching conflict. With a view to the occupation of the Northern Provinces, the capital was moved to Zungeru in September 1902. A threatened attack of Kano on Zaria decided the High Commissioner to reinforce the garrison, and early next year an expedition, consisting of about 750 Hausas and about 40 white men, started from Zaria for Kano. Resistance was encountered at the first of a series of walled towns constructed to protect the approach to Kano. After some parleying without result, a shell was fired, which blew in the gate and killed the king, and resistance was over. Warned by this experience, the other towns did not attempt to fight, but sold supplies to the troops, and Kano was reached unopposed. The town, which was admirably constructed to withstand a siege,² made

¹ Colonial Report for 1902; Appendix.

² “The wall was eleven miles in perimeter, with thirteen gates, all newly built. Subsequent measurement . . . proved the walls to be from 30 feet to 50 feet high, and about 40 feet thick at the base,

TAKING OF KANO

a very poor defence, as the Emir with the greater part of his warriors was absent at Sokoto, and the Hausa inhabitants did not fight. When the troops entered no looting was allowed, and the people showed curiosity rather than alarm. In a few days caravans were coming and going, and the great market was in full swing, except that slaves were no longer exposed for sale. The Emir, hastening back from Sokoto, was defeated about 100 miles from Kano, and on the arrival of the High Commissioner, his brother, who was friendly to the British, was made Emir in his place. The surrounding towns, as usual, sent in their submission to the conquerors, and it was explained to them that Great Britain did not wish to interfere with them except so far as to secure the principles of justice and humanity.

Letters were then sent to Sokoto and Katsena asking them to receive the British in peace.

with a double ditch in front. The loopholes 4 feet from the crest of the wall (which was here 4 feet thick) was served by a banquette and provided with mantlets at intervals, being crenelated between them. The ditch or moat is divided into two by a dwarf wall triangular in section, which runs along its centre. . . . The gates themselves were flimsy structures of cow-hide, but the massive entrance tower in which they were fixed was generally about 50 feet, long and tortuous, so that they were impermeable to shell fire. Some of them were most cleverly designed in a re-entrant angle, so that the access to them was enfiladed by fire from the walls on either side, while the ditch itself was full of live thorns, and immensely deep."—*Colonial Report for 1903*.

OCCUPATION OF SOKOTO

Katsena signified its willingness to accept the British conditions, but as no answer came from Sokoto it was decided to march against it. On the way a letter of submission was received from the Emir of Gando, while the people encountered seemed friendly. When the British force at length reached Sokoto the Sultan had fled in terror. The Sokoto army advanced to meet them, but was soon put to flight. Thus ignominiously did the great Fulani capital abandon its independence, seeing in the British advance a fulfilment of the old prophecy that Dan Fodio's rule should only last a hundred years. A new Sultan was elected by the Council of Notables, and received his investiture from the High Commissioner, so signifying his acknowledgment of British authority, just as the Emirs had been accustomed to receive their investiture from the Sultan. The customs of the country were carefully observed at the ceremony, and British policy was fully explained to the assembled people, while on the departure of the British force a Resident and garrison were left at Sokoto.

The whole of Northern Nigeria had now been brought under British control, and with very small loss of life. On the return journey Katsena, Kano, Zaria, and Kontagora were visited, Emirs were formally installed, and public ex-

PACIFICATION

planations of policy were given as at Sokoto. Since July 1903, when the ex-Sultan of Sokoto rallied a small party round him, but was defeated and killed, there has been no fighting of importance, and the development of the country has been steadily proceeding.

“The work accomplished between 1903 and 1907 was of a diversified and arduous administrative character, but has resulted in the almost complete pacification of the country, and the foundation of a solid basis for the construction and advance of all the institutions of the Protectorate.”¹

Sir Frederick Lugard, to whom the Protectorate owes so much, remained High Commissioner till 1906, when, after a year's interval with Sir William Wallace as Deputy-Governor, he was succeeded by Sir Percy Girouard. On the resignation of the latter in 1909 Sir Hesketh Bell was appointed to succeed him.

The general results of these years of British administration may be given in the words of the Report on Northern Nigeria for 1907-8 :—
“Very few countries have witnessed such great changes for the better in such a short space of time as has been the case in Northern Nigeria. In 1900 some 80,000 square miles out of a total of 250,000 were under some form of organised

¹ Colonial Report on Northern Nigeria, 1907-8.

PROGRESS

control. The whole of the remainder was controlled and ruled under conditions giving no guarantee of liberty or even life. Slave-raiding, with all its attendant horrors, was being carried on by the northern Mohammedans upon the southern pagans, and the latter, divided into a vast number of small tribes, were constantly engaged in intertribal warfare. . . . In the south, cannibalism, slave-dealing, witchcraft, and trial by ordeal were rife. In no direction were native traders, even when travelling within their own provinces, safe from the murderous attack of organised robber bands and their chiefs. No European had, for purely trade purposes, established a single post 50 miles from the Niger or Benue River.

“ By 1908 the whole condition of the country has entirely changed. Sixteen provinces, comprising the entire Protectorate, have been organised by the never-ceasing efforts of Residents. . . . The result is that to-day the unadministered area of the Protectorate does not exceed that administered in 1900. . . . Native trade has steadily increased, and all the main caravan routes are thronged with natives pursuing their way in safety, unhampered by any trade restrictions or local imposts.

“ The policy now adopted of rail communication between the sea and the interior by means

RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT

of the Niger River navigation and the Baro-Kano Railway,¹ and the Southern Nigerian Government Railway Extension to a junction with the former, marks a fresh stage in development, and will go far towards further insurance of the peace of the country and the development of the trade of the northern Mohammedan States."

¹ " . . . Over 100 miles of rails have been laid in the direction of Kano . . . and it is now proposed to open up the great tin fields of the Bauchi province by constructing a branch line of the Baro-Kano railway from a point about sixty miles from Zaria . . . Within a very brief period Zungeru, the capital of the Protectorate, will be reached from Baro, and by the end of the year there will be a complete circle of railway communication from Lagos via Jebba across the Niger to Baro."—*The Times*, 31st May 1910.

APPENDIX II

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